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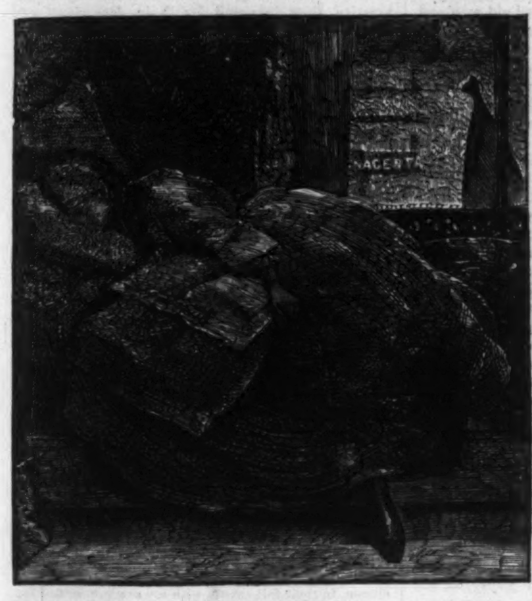


MAGENTA.

I.

UNDER the willows; in the trampled maize;
  Midst up-torn vines, and shatter'd mulberry rows;
In rice-fields, corn-fields, dykes by dusty ways,
  And cottage-crofts, where the gold gourd-flower blows—
Swathes of Death's scythe, wielded for two long days—
The dead lie thick and still: foes all at peace with foes.

II.

So many nameless dead! no meed of glory
  For all this blood, so freely pour'd, is theirs;
Yet each life here link'd many in its story
  Of hopes and loves and hates, of joys and cares.
Of these unhonor'd sleepers, grim and gory,
Who knows out of the world how much each with him bears?

III.

These were all sons or sires; husbands or brothers;
  Bread-winners, most of them, for homes afar.
This a sick father's stay; *that* a blind mother's;
  For *him* in Paris, 'neath the evening star,
A loving heart its care in labor smothers,
Till taught by arms of price, how far they strike—*how far!*

IV.

Cry! let the poor soul wrestle with the woe
  Of that bereavement. Who takes thought of her?
Through the illumined streets the triumphs go;
  Under her window waving banners stir,
And shouting crowds to Nôtre Dame that flow.
Hide, mourner, hide the tears which might such triumphs blur!

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

NOT a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that day when many that are great shall be small, and the small great: but of others the world's knowledge may be said to sleep. Their lives and characters lie hidden from nations in the very annals that record them. The general reader can not feel them, they are presented so curtly and coldly: they are not like breathing stories appealing to his heart, but little historic hailstones striking him only to glance off his bosom: nor can he understand them; for epitomes are not narratives, as skeletons are not human figures.

Thus records of prime truths sometimes remain a dead letter to plain folk; the writers have left so much to the imagination, and imagination is so rare a gift. Here, then, the writer of fiction may be of use to the public—as an interpreter.

There is a musty chronicle, written in tolerable Latin, and in it a chapter where every sentence holds a fact. Here is told, with harsh brevity, the strange history of a pair, who lived untrumpeted, and died unsung, four hundred years ago; and lie now, as unpitied, in that stern page, as fossils in a rock. Thus, living or dead, fate is still unjust to them. Yet if I can but show you what is involved in that dry chronicler's words, methinks you will correct the indifference of centuries, and give those two sore-tried souls a place in your heart—for a few weeks.

It was past the middle of the fifteenth century, Louis XI. was sovereign of France; Edward IV. was wrongful King of England; and Philip "the Good," having by force and cunning dispossessed his cousin Jacqueline, and broken her heart, reigned undisturbed this many years in Holland, where our tale begins.

Gerard, and Catherine his wife, lived in the little town of Tergou. He traded, wholesale and retail, in cloth, silk, brown holland, and, above all, in curried leather, a material highly valued by the middling people, because it would stand twenty years' wear, and turn a knife if not fresh sharpened; no small virtue in a jerkin of that century, in which folk were so liberal of their steel: even at dinner a man would leave his meat a while, and carve you his neighbor, on a very moderate difference of opinion.

The couple were well to do, and would have been free from all earthly care, but for nine children. When these were coming into the world, one per annum, each was hailed with rejoicings, and the Saints were thanked, not expostulated with; and when parents and children were all young together, the latter were looked upon as lovely little playthings invented by Heaven for the amusement, joy, and evening solace, of people in business.

But as the olive branches shot up, and the parents grew older, and saw with their own eyes the fate of large families, misgivings and care mingled with their love. They belonged to a singularly wise and provident people: in Holland reckless parents were as rare as disobedient children. So now when the huge loaf came in on a gigantic trencher, looking like a fortress in its moat, and, the tour of the table once made, seemed to have melted away, Gerard and Catherine would look at one another and say, "Who is to find bread for them all when we are gone?"

At this observation the younger ones needed all their filial respect to keep their little Dutch countenances; for in their humble opinion dinner and supper came by nature like sunrise and sunset, and, so long as that luminary should travel round the earth, so long *must* the brown loaf go round their family circle, and set in their stomachs only to rise again in the family oven. But the remark awakened the national thoughtfulness of the elder boys, and being often repeated set several of the family thinking, some of them good thoughts, some ill thoughts, according to the nature of the thinkers.

"Kate, the children grow so, this table will soon be too small."

"We can not afford it, Gerard," replied Catherine, answering not his words, but his thought, after the manner of women.

Their anxiety for the future took at times a less dismal but more mortifying turn. The free burghers had their pride as well as the nobles; and these two could not bear that any of their blood should go down in the burgh after their decease.

So by prudence and self-denial they managed to clothe all the little bodies, and feed all the great mouths, and yet put by a small hoard to meet the future; and, as it grew, and grew, they felt a pleasure the miser hoarding for himself knows not.

One day the eldest boy but one, aged nineteen, came to his mother, and, with that outward composure which has so misled some persons as to the real nature of this people, begged her to intercede with his father to send him to Amsterdam, and place him with a merchant. "It is the way of life that likes me: merchants are wealthy; I am good at numbers; prithee, good mother, take my part in this, and I shall ever be, as I am now, your debtor."

Catherine threw up her hands with dismay and incredulity. "What, leave Tergou!"

"What is one street to me more than another? If I can leave the folk of Tergou, I can surely leave the stones."

"What! abandon your poor father now he is no longer young?"

"Mother, if I can leave you, I can leave him."

"What, leave your poor brothers and sisters that love you so dear?"

"There are enough in the house without me."

"What mean you, Richart? Who is more thought of than you? Stay, have I spoken sharp to you? Have I been unkind to you?"

"Never that I know of; and if you had, you should never hear of it from me. Mother," said Richart gravely, but the tear was in his eye, "it all lies in a word. And nothing can change my mind. There will be one mouth less for you to feed."

"There now, see what my tongue has done," said Catherine, and the next moment she began to cry. For she saw her first young bird on the edge of the nest trying his wings to fly into the world. Richart had a calm, strong will, and she knew he never wasted a word.

It ended as nature has willed all such discourse shall end: young Richart went to Amsterdam with a face so long and sad as it had never been seen before, and a heart like granite.

That afternoon at supper there was one mouth less. Catherine looked at Richart's chair and wept bitterly. On this Gerard shouted roughly and angrily to the children, "Sit wider! can't ye: sit wider!" and turned his head away over the back of his seat a while, and was silent.

Richart was launched; and never cost them another penny: but to fit him out, and place him in the house of Vander Stegen the merchant, took all the little hoard but one gold crown. They began again. Two years passed. Richart found a niche in commerce for his brother Jacob, and Jacob left Tergou directly after dinner, which was at eleven in the forenoon. At supper that day Gerard remembered what had happened the last time; so he said in a low whisper, "Sit wider, dears!" Now, until that moment, Catherine *would* not see the gap at table, for her daughter Catherine had besought her not to grieve to-night, and she had said, "No, sweet-heart, I promise I will not, since it vexes my children." But when Gerard whispered "sit wider!" says she, "Ay! the table will soon be too big for the children; and you thought it would be too small:" and having delivered this with forced calmness, she put up her apron the next moment and wept sore.

"'Tis the best that leave us," sobbed she; "that is the cruel part."

"Nay! nay!" said Gerard, "our children are good children, and all are dear to us alike. Heed her not! What God takes from us still seems better than what he spares to us: that is to say, men are by nature unthankful—and women silly."

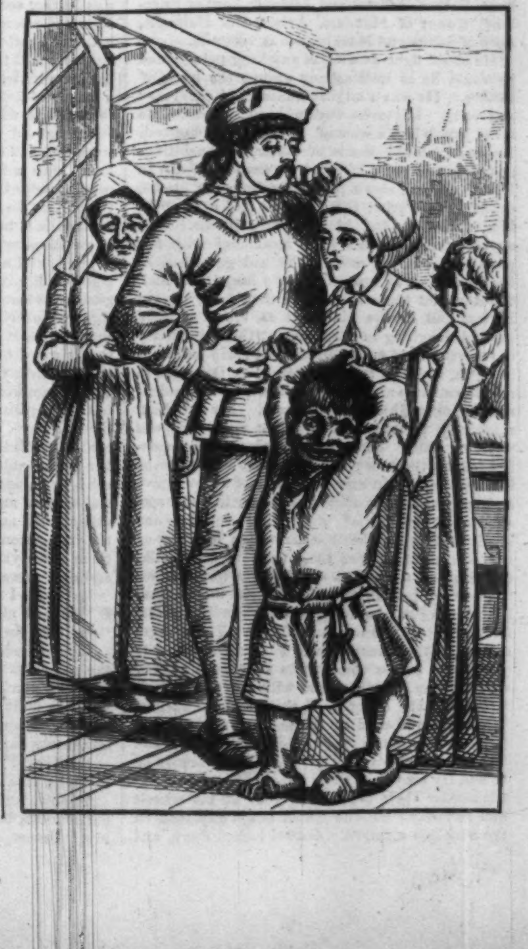
"And I say Richart and Jacob were the flower of the flock," sobbed Catherine.

The little coffer was empty again, and to fill it they gathered like ants. In those days speculation was pretty much confined to the card-and-dice business. Gerard knew no way to wealth but the slow and sure one. "A penny saved is a penny gained," was his humble creed. All that was not required for the business, and the necessaries of life, went into the little coffer with steel bands and florid key. They denied themselves in turn the humblest luxuries, and then, catching one another's looks, smiled; perhaps with a greater joy than self-indulgence has to bestow. And so in three years more they had gleaned enough to set up their fourth son as a master tailor, and their eldest daughter as a robe-maker, in Tergou. Here were two more provided for: their own trade would enable them to throw work into the hands of this pair. But the coffer was drained to the dregs, and this time the shop too bled a little in goods if not in coin.

Alas! there remained on hand two that were unable to get their bread, and two that were unwilling. The unable ones were: 1. Giles, a dwarf, of the wrong sort, half stupidity half malice, all head and claws and voice, run from by dogs and unprejudiced females, and sided with through thick and thin by his mother; 2. Little Catherine, a poor girl that could only move on crutches. She lived in pain, but smiled through it, with her marble face and violet eyes and long silky lashes: and fretful or repining word never came from her lips. The unwilling ones were Sybrandt, the youngest, a ne'er-do-weel, too much in love with play to work, and Cornelis, the eldest, who had made calculations of his own, and stuck to the hearth, waiting for dead men's shoes. Almost worn out by their repeated efforts, and above all dispirited by the moral and physical infirmities of those that now remained on hand, the anxious couple would often say, "What will become of all these when we shall be no longer here to take care of them?" But when they had said this a good many times, suddenly the domestic horizon cleared, and then they used still to say it, because a habit is a habit, but they uttered it half mechanically now instead of despondently, and added brightly and cheerfully, "but thanks to St. Bavon and all the saints, there's Gerard!!"

CHAPTER II.

YOUNG Gerard was for many years of his life a son apart and distinct; object of no fears and no great hopes. No fears; for he was going into the Church; and the Church could always maintain her children by hook or by crook in those days: no great hopes, because his family had no interest with the great to get him a benefice, and the young man's own habits were frivolous, and, indeed, such as our cloth merchant would not have put up with in any one but a clerk that was to be. His two main trivialities were reading and penmanship, and he was so wrapped up in them that often he could hardly be got away to his meals. The day was never long enough for him; and he carried ever a tinder-box and brimstone matches, and begged ends of candles of the neighbors, which he lighted at unreasonable hours—ay, even at eight of the clock at night in winter, when the very Burgomaster was abed. Endured at home, his practices were encouraged by the monks of a neighboring convent. They had taught him penmanship, and continued to teach him, until one day they discovered, in the middle of a lesson, that he was teaching



them. They pointed this out to him in a merry way: he hung his head and blushed: he had suspected as much himself, but mistrusted his judgment in that matter. "But, my son," said an elderly monk, "how is it that you, to whom God has given an eye so true, a hand so supple yet firm, and a love of these beautiful crafts, how is it you do not color as well as write? a scroll looks but barren unless a border of fruit, and leaves, and rich arabesques surround the good words, and charm the sense as those do the soul and understanding; to say nothing of the pictures of holy men and women departed, with which the several chapters should be adorned, and not alone the eye soothed with the brave and sweetly blended colors, but the heart lifted by effigies of the Saints in glory. Answer me, my son."

At this Gerard was confused, and muttered that he had made several trials at illuminating, but had not succeeded well; and thus the matter rested.

Soon after this a fellow-enthusiast came on the scene in the unwonted form of an old lady. Margaret, sister and survivor of the brothers Van Eyck, left Flanders, and came to end her days in her native country. She bought a small house near Tergou. In course of time she heard of Gerard, and saw some of his handiwork: it pleased her so well that she sent her female servant, Richt Heynes, to ask him to come to her. This led to an acquaintance; it could hardly be otherwise, for little Tergou had never held so many as two zealots of this sort before. At first the old lady damped Gerard's courage terribly. At each visit she pulled out of holes and corners drawings and paintings, some of them by her own hand, that seemed to him unapproachable; but if the artist overpowered him, the woman kept his heart up. She and Richt soon turned him inside out like a glove. Among other things, they drew from him what the good monks had failed to hit upon, the reason why he did not illuminate, viz., that he could not afford the gold, the blue, and the red, but only the cheap earths; and that he was afraid to ask his mother to buy the choice colors, and was sure he should ask her in vain. Then Margaret Van Eyck gave him a little brush-gold, and some vermilion, and ultramarine, and a piece of good vellum to lay them on. He almost adored her. As he left the house Richt ran after him with a candle and two quarters; he quite kissed her. But better even than the gold and lapis lazuli to the illuminator was the sympathy to the isolated enthusiast. That sympathy was always ready, and, as he returned it, an affection sprung up between the old painter and the young caligrapher that was doubly characteristic of the time. For this was a century in which the fine arts and the higher mechanical arts were not separated by any distinct boundary, nor were those who practiced them; and it was an age in which artists sought out and loved one another. Should this last statement stagger a painter or writer of our day, let me remind him that Christians loved one another at first starting.

Backed by an acquaintance so venerable, and strengthened by female sympathy, Gerard advanced in learning and skill. His spirits, too, rose visibly; he still looked behind him when dragged to dinner in the middle of an initial G; but once seated showed great social qualities; likewise a gay humor, that had hitherto but peeped in him, shone out, and often he set the table in a roar, and kept it there, sometimes with his own wit, sometimes with jests which were glossy new to his family, being drawn from antiquity.

As a return for all he owed his friends the monks, he made them exquisite copies from two of their choicest MSS., viz., the life of their founder, and their Comedies of Terence, the monastery finding the vellum.

The high and puissant Prince, Philip "the Good," Duke of Burgundy, Luxemburg, and Brabant, Earl of Holland and Zealand, Lord of Friesland, Count of Flanders, Artois, and Hainault, Lord of Salins and Macklyn—was versatile.

He could fight as well as any king going; and he could lie as well as any except the King of France. He was a mighty hunter, and could read and write. His tastes were wide and ardent. He loved jewels like a woman, and gorgeous apparel. He dearly loved maids of honor, and paintings generally; in proof of which he ennobled Jan Van Eyck. He had also a particular fancy for giants, dwarfs, and Turks; these last he had ever about him, turbaned, and blazing with jewels. His agents inveigled them from Istamboul with fair promises; but the moment he had got them he baptized them by brute force in a large tub; and, this done, let them squat with their faces toward Mecca, and invoke Mahound as much as they pleased, laughing in his sleeve at their simplicity in fancying they were still infidels. He had lions in cages, and fleet leopards trained by Orientals to run down hares and deer. In short, he relished all rarities, except hum-drum virtues. For any thing singularly pretty, or diabolically ugly, this was your customer. The best of him was, he was open-handed to the poor; and the next best was, he fostered the arts in earnest; whereof he now gave a signal proof. He offered prizes for the best specimens of "orfevrerie" in two kinds, religious and secular; item for the best paintings in white of egg, oils, and tempera; these to be on panel, silk, or metal, as the artists chose: item for the best transparent painting on glass: item for the best illuminating and border-painting on vellum: item for the fairest writing on vellum. The Burgomasters of the several towns were commanded to aid all the poorer competitors by receiving their specimens and sending them with due care to Rotterdam at the expense of their several burghs. When this was cried by the bellman through the streets of Tergou, a thousand mouths opened, and one heart beat—Gerard's. He told his family he should try for two of those prizes. They stared in silence, for their breath was gone at his conceit and audacity; but one horrid laugh exploded on the floor like a petard. Gerard looked down, and there was the dwarf, whose very whisper was a bassoon, slit and fanged from ear to ear at his expense, and laughing like a lion. Nature relenting at having made Giles so small, had given him as a set-off the biggest voice on record. He was like those stunted wide-mouthed pieces of ordnance we see on fortifications; they are more like a flower-pot than a cannon; but ods tympana how they bellow!

Gerard turned red with anger, the more so as the others began to titter. White Catherine saw, and a pink tinge just perceptible came to her cheek. She said softly, "Why do you laugh? Is it because he is our brother you think he can not be capable? Yes, Gerard, try with the rest. Many say you are skillful; and mother and I will pray the Virgin to guide your hand."

"Thank you, little Kate. You shall pray to our Lady, and our mother shall buy vellum and the colors to illuminate with."

"What will they cost?"

"Two gold crowns" (about three shillings and fourpence English money).

"What?" screamed the housewife; "when the bushel of rye costs but a groat! What! me spend a month's meal and meat and fire on such vanity as that: the lightning from heaven would fall on me, and my children would all be beggars."

"Mother!" sighed little Catherine, imploringly.

"Oh! it is in vain, Kate," said Gerard, with a sigh. "I shall have to give it up, or ask the dame Van Eyck. She would give it me, but I think shame to be forever taking from her."

"It is not her affair," said Catherine, very sharply; "what has she to do coming between me and my son?" And she left the room with a red face. Little Catherine smiled. Presently the housewife returned with a gracious, affectionate air, and the two little gold pieces in her hand.

"There, sweet-heart," said she, "you won't have to trouble dame or demoiselle for two paltry crowns."

But on this Gerard fell a thinking how he could spare her purse.

"One will do, mother. I will ask the good monks to let me send my copy of their 'Terence:' it is on snowy vellum, and I can write no better; so then I shall only need six sheets of vellum for my borders and miniatures, and gold for my ground, and prime colors—one crown will do."

"Never spoil the ship for want of a bit of tar, Gerard," said this changeable mother. But she added, "Well, there, I will put the crown in my pocket. That won't be like putting it back in the box. Going to the box to take out instead of putting in—it is like going to my heart with a knife for so many drops of blood. You will be sure to want it, Gerard. The house is never built for less than the builder counted on."

Sure enough, when the time came, Gerard longed to go to Rotterdam and see the Duke, and above all to see the work of his competitors, and so get a lesson from defeat. And the crown came out of the housewife's pocket with a very good grace. Gerard would soon be a priest. It seemed hard if he might not enjoy the world a little before separating himself from it for life.

The day before he went, Margaret Van Eyck asked him to take a letter for her, and when he came to look at it, somewhat to his surprise he found it was addressed to the Princess Marie, at the Stadthouse, in Rotterdam.

The day before the prizes were to be distributed, Gerard started for Rotterdam thus equipped; he had a doublet of silver-gray cloth with sleeves, and a jerkin of the same over it, but without sleeves. From his waist to his heels he was clad in a pair of tight-fitting buckskin hose fastened by laces (called points) to his doublet. His shoes were pointed, in moderation, and secured by a strap that passed under the hollow of the foot. On his head and the back of his neck he wore his flowing hair, and pinned to his back between his shoulders was his hat; it was further secured by a purple silk ribbon little Kate had passed round him from the sides of the hat, and knotted neatly on his breast; below his hat, attached to the upper rim of his broad waist belt, was his leathern wallet. When he got within a league of Rotterdam he was pretty tired, but he soon fell in with a pair that were more so. He found an old man sitting by the roadside quite worn out, and a comely young woman holding his hand, with a face full of concern. The country people trudged by and noticed nothing amiss; but Gerard, as he passed, drew conclusions. Even dress tells a tale to those who study it so closely as our illuminator was wont to. The old man wore a gown, and a fur tippet, and a velvet cap, sure signs of dignity; but the triangular purse at his girdle was lean, the gown rusty, the fur worn, sure signs of poverty. The young woman was dressed in plain russet cloth; yet snow-white lawn covered that part of her neck the gown left visible, and ended half-way up her white throat in a little band of gold embroidery; and her head-dress was new to Gerard; instead of hiding her hair in a pile of linen or lawn, she wore an open net-work of silver cord with silver spangles at the interstices; in this her glossy auburn hair was rolled in front into a solid wave, and supported behind in a luxurious and shapely mass. His quick eye took in all this, and the old man's deadly pallor, and the tears in the young woman's eyes. So when he had passed them a few yards, he reflected, and turned back, and came toward them bashfully.

"Father, I fear you are tired."

"Indeed, my son, I am," replied the old man; "and faint for lack of food."

Gerard's address did not appear so agreeable to the girl as to the old man. She seemed ashamed, and with much reserve in her manner said, that it was her fault; she had underrated the distance, and imprudently allowed her father to start too late in the day.

"No! no!" said the old man; "it is not the distance, it is the want of nourishment."

The girl put her arms round his neck, with tender concern, but took that opportunity of whispering, "Fatner, a stranger—a young man!"

But it was too late. Gerard, with great simplicity, and quite as a matter of course, fell to gathering sticks with great expedition. This done, he took down his wallet, out with the manchet of bread and the iron flask his careful mother had put up, and his everlasting tinder-box; lighted a match, then a candle end, then the sticks; and put his iron flask on it. Then down he went on his stomach and took a good blow: then looking up, he saw the girl's face had thawed, and she was looking down at him and his energy with a demure smile. He laughed back to her: "Mind the pot," said he, "and don't let it spill, for Heaven's sake: there's a cleft stick to hold it safe with;" and with this he set off running toward a corn-field at some distance. While he was gone, there came by, on a mule with rich purple housings, an old man redolent with wealth. The purse at his girdle was plethoric, the fur on his tippet was ermine, broad and new.

It was Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, the Burgomaster of Tergou. He was old, and his face furrowed. He was a notorious miser, and looked one generally. But the idea of supping with the Duke raised him just now into manifest complacency. Yet at the sight of the faded old man and his bright daughter sitting by a fire of sticks, the smile died out of his face, and he wore a strange look of anguish and wrath. He reined in his mule. "Why, Peter—Margaret—" said he, almost fiercely, "what mummery is this?" Peter was going to answer, but Margaret interposed hastily, and said: "My father was exhausted, so I am warming something to give him strength before we go on." "What, reduced to feed by the roadside like the Bohemians," said Ghysbrecht, and his hand went into his purse; but it did not seem at home there, it fumbled uncertainly, afraid too large a coin might stick to a finger and come out.

At this moment who should come bounding up but Gerard! He had two straws in his hand, and he threw himself down by the fire, and relieved Margaret of the cooking part: then suddenly recognizing the Burgomaster, he colored all over. Ghysbrecht Van Swieten started and glared at him, and took his hand out of his purse. "Oh," said he, bitterly, "I am not wanted:" and went slowly on, casting a long look of suspicion on Margaret, and hostility on Gerard, that was not very intelligible. However, there was something about it that Margaret could read enough to blush at, and almost toss her head. Gerard only stared with surprise. "By St. Bavon, I think the old miser grudges us three our quart of soup!" said he. When the young man put that interpretation on Ghysbrecht's strange and meaning look, Margaret was greatly relieved, and smiled gayly on the speaker.

Meantime Ghysbrecht plodded on more wretched in his wealth than these in their poverty. And the curious thing is that the mule, the purple housings, and one-half the coin in that plethoric purse, belonged not to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, but to that faded old man and that comely girl who sat by a roadside fire to be fed by a stranger. They did not know this, but Ghysbrecht knew it, and carried in his heart a scorpion of his own begetting. That scorpion is remorse; the remorse, that, not being penitence, is incurable, and ready for fresh misdeeds upon a fresh temptation.

Twenty years ago, when Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was a hard but honest man, the touch-stone opportunity came to him, and he did an act of heartless roguery. It seemed a safe one. It had hitherto proved a safe one, though he had never felt safe. To-day he has seen youth, enterprise, and, above all, knowledge, seated by fair Margaret and her father on terms that look familiar and loving.

And the fiends are at his ear again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Tourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
White Sulphur Springs, Delaware Co., O.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 23, 1859.

THE CONVERSION OF CASS.

JUST two months have elapsed since the venerable Secretary of State wrote a letter to Mr. Leclerc of Memphis, Tennessee, informing him that his "naturalization in this country would not exempt him from any claim of military service made upon him by the French Government, if he voluntarily repaired to France." The promulgation of this novel and alarming doctrine naturally created anxiety among foreign-born citizens, especially among that large class whose business requires them to visit their native land from time to time; other letters of inquiry were dispatched to the State Department, and the answer received was in all cases the same—that where a naturalized citizen, returning voluntarily to his native country, was claimed by the Government of that country for military service, the United States would not interfere. In the case of a Prussian, Mr. Hofer, who proposed to visit Prussia this year, Mr. Cass wrote:

> "The position of the United States, as communicated to the Minister at Berlin for the information of the Prussian Government, is that native-born Prussians naturalized in the United States and returning to the country of their birth, are not liable to any duties or penalties, except such as were existing at the period of their emigration. If at that time they were in the army or actually called into it, such emigration and naturalization do not exempt them from the legal penalty which they incurred by their desertion, but this penalty may be enforced against them whenever they shall voluntarily place themselves within the local jurisdiction of their native country, and shall be proceeded against according to law."

The distinction attempted to be drawn here was imaginary rather than real. Every Prussian between boyhood and old age is "in the army," either on active duty or in reserve. According to the Prussian law, every citizen is a soldier from the time he can carry arms to the age at which his strength fails him, and is liable to be called out on any such emergency as that which has just occurred. When Mr. Cass attempted, therefore, to discriminate between Prussians who "were in the army or called into it at the time of their emigration," and Prussians who were *not* "in the army" or *not* "called into it" at that time, he uttered a palpable absurdity, as the latter class does not exist. In fact, by saying that "emigration and naturalization do not exempt Prussians from any legal penalty they incurred by their desertion" of their native country, Mr. Cass abandoned at a blow the whole Prussian-born population of the United States. The letter to Leclerc had abandoned the French.

This was the position of the Government of the United States in May. It is now July, and it affords us unmixed satisfaction to be able to declare that the position of the United States is now the very contrary of this—that Mr. Cass has seen reason to "back square down" from the views set forth in the Leclerc and Hofer letters—and that, so far as the word of the Secretary can be relied upon, there is, once more, some prospect of protection for the naturalized citizens of the United States.

We make these assertions on the strength of a dispatch from the State Department, dated 8th July, 1859, and addressed to Mr. Wright at Berlin. In that dispatch, Mr. Wright is directed to claim the release of a native of Hanover, who, having become a citizen of the United States, returned lately to Hanover, and was there deprived of his liberty and compelled to do military duty. In the dispatch to Mr. Wright, Mr. Cass observes:

> "What rights do our laws confer upon a foreigner by granting him naturalization? I answer, all the rights, privileges, and immunities which belong to a native-born citizen, in their full extent, with the single qualification that under the Constitution 'no person except a natural-born citizen is eligible to the office of President.' With this exception the naturalized citizen from and after the date of his naturalization, both at home and abroad, is placed upon the very same footing with the native citizen."
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> * * * * * * *
>
> "The moment a foreigner becomes naturalized, his allegiance to his native country is severed forever. He experiences a new political birth. A broad and impassable line separates him from his native country. He is no more responsible for any thing he may say or do, or omit to say or do, after assuming his new character, than if he had been born in the United States. Should he return to his native country, he returns as an American citizen, and in no other character."
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> * * * * * * *
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> "A future liability to serve in the army will not be sufficient [to entitle his original government to seize him], because, before the time can arrive for such service, he has changed his allegiance, and has become a citizen of the United States. It would be quite absurd to contend that a boy, brought to this country from a foreign country with his father's family when but twelve years of age and naturalized here, who should afterward visit the country of his birth when he had become a man, might then be seized and compelled to perform military service, because, if he had remained there throughout the intervening years and his life had been spared, he would have been bound to perform military service. To submit to such a principle would be to make an odious distinction between our naturalized and native citizens."

As far as this goes, it is excellent and admirable. If the Secretary had taken this stand at first, there would have been no trouble, and he would have incurred no disgrace. It is true that Mr. Cass does not go quite far enough; he says nothing, for instance, about protecting naturalized citizens of Prussia who, when they left their country, were old enough to belong to the *landwehr*, yet whom this country, in accepting their allegiance, is as clearly bound to protect as any other class of citizens. But we must not be too exacting. It is a great deal for Mr. Cass to have retracted the Leclerc and Hofer letters. It is something to have got him to say that he will protect some foreign-born citizens, when, only two months ago, he was for abandoning them all. Old men move slowly. By-and-by Mr. Cass will back a little further down, and will get upon the sound American platform of complete protection to all classes of citizens. Let us be thankful for what we have got.

The satisfaction which we feel at the conversion of Mr. Cass is not a little enhanced by the remembrance that we were the first, and for a long period the only journal in the country which took ground against the Leclerc and Hofer letters. When we first assailed the doctrine set forth in those letters we found almost every influential paper opposed to us. Within the past month articles have appeared in the New York *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Journal of Commerce*, and *Commercial Advertiser*, and in leading papers published at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Cincinnati, sustaining the views which Mr. Cass has now been compelled to abandon, and controverting those which we professed and which have at length prevailed.

We trust we may be pardoned if we take

some credit to ourselves for the result, and give publicity to the following extract from one of many similar letters received:

"I hope you will persevere in your attacks on Mr. Cass until you drive him off his mean, unmanly un-American platform on the naturalization question. I can add nothing to your arguments; you are right all through. But keep at the subject. *Especially do I entreat you to keep publishing caricatures upon it. A thousand people see and study a caricature where hardly one will read an argumentative article. One single good comic cut—with truth at the bottom of the joke—will convince more people than a whole library of heavy reasoning. If I were forced to assign one special cause for the vigorous action of Tammany Hall on this subject, I should instantly mention your comic cut of Mr. Belmont and the German soldiers. If a citizen so eminent, so useful, and so deservedly respected as Mr. Belmont can be seized by foreign soldiers and outraged with impunity, it is high time to inquire whether there is any use in maintaining the dishonest farce entitled Naturalization.*"

THE LOUNGER.

OF THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

WHEN Dick Turpin says that he is going out upon the road to exercise his horse, perhaps he is. Dick Turpin is a man; he is homogeneous with Wilberforce; and the very vilest sinner, we are assured, has his chances. But do we take Richard at his word? Do we not suppose that he is going out upon his own business—to lift a purse or two? Has not Richard certain antecedents which make it highly probable that, while he may indeed exercise his horse, he will also overhaul a carriage? Dick may have turned over a new leaf; but saddling his horse does not prove it. He may have resolved to live cleanly; but taking the road does not show it. He may have resolved to give all he has to the poor; but saying that he is going to exercise his horse does not fully establish it. The truth is, that so long as his professions and conduct are consistent with highway robbery, so long, despite what he says and does, Mr. Richard Turpin will be considered a highway robber.

So Louis Napoleon may be a great and good man; but the proclamation to the Army of Italy does not prove it. He may be a faithful friend of human rights; but the battles of Montebello, of Magenta, and of Solferino do not establish it. He may be, as is claimed by some enthusiasts, the truest democrat and republican in Europe; but his countenance of Kossuth does not show it.

That is to say, there is nothing in his Italian campaign which is not consistent with the purely personal ambition of an unscrupulous ruler. Louis Napoleon is not less a despot simply because he apprehends the conditions upon which despotism is now possible. He is not less an arbitrary monarch because he does not commit the dull blunders of Austria. He is no more a friend of popular liberty, when he is expelling Austria from Lombardy and proclaiming Italian independence, than when, having sworn to the Republic, he swept the Boulevards with grape to establish an Empire.

There is as yet nothing in his practice or professions in Italy which is inconsonant with his evident resolution of seating his dynasty upon the throne of France. The key to his campaign is in his manifesto from Milan. As he says in that, he understands his time. He knows that thrones can now be founded only in the assent of the nationality; which is by no means the same as the consent of the governed. For a national assent to imperial or royal power like that of France, without a free Constitution like the English, and without representation, is merely a toleration of an absolute government, so administered as to stop short of the tyranny that provokes revolution, and resting always upon an enormous military force, composing a distinct interest and class in the State.

Louis Napoleon seems to be the only Continental monarch that sees this. He is the only one who perceives that legitimacy has lost its power—unless it is confirmed by the popular assent. Therefore he tears the treaties of Vienna, which make him an outlaw; therefore he marries a commoner, because dynastic alliances have become useless; therefore he marches to expel the Austrians from Lombardy, because the inevitable Italian popular revolution would have kindled France, and because an independent Italy would be more influenced by France than by any other power. With profound astuteness he saw that a national cause, with which the public opinion of the world sympathized, was coincident with the attainment of his own ends. He has not falsely calculated that the glory which invests every powerful and successful ally of a country struggling to be free, would blind the memory of the world to his own private crimes.

Certainly the character of the ally, and his aims elsewhere, shall not for an instant blind us to the great fact that the freedom of a people is being achieved; and that it is Louis Napoleon who is expelling the modern Attila, Austria, from Italy. Only we have yet to see that he is doing it because he loves free popular governments. It seems to us simply in pursuance of a sagacious political philosophy that shows nationality to be at present the only possible basis of peaceful monarchy.

When, peace being restored, he shall lend his influence to constructing and consolidating a free and popular government in the peninsula, under whatever form it may be—when at home we see him unmuzzling the press—recalling the patriots who love France as well as he loves it—establishing a Legislature which shall represent the real will of the people and honestly executing its laws, when universal surveillance and tyranny and terror have ceased in France, we shall heartily confess that we had not appreciated the love of constitutional freedom which animated Louis Napoleon.

Until that day, however cunning, and silent, and able we may allow him to be, yet with the perjury and the butchery and the imprisonments and the exile of the 2d December, with the sycophancy of a Legislature of his servants: with the universal silence and the innumerable spies yet fresh in fact and memory—he will still be a Leicester Square adventurer, adroit, unscrupulous, and successful—we shall still believe that if Dick escapes Tyburn it will not be because he does not deserve to be hanged.

YANKEE DOODLE REJOICING.

THAT the great and glorious Yankee Doodle has conquered all creation, and in every department of art, science, literature, morals, commerce, manufactures, and horse-flesh, has outstripped all possible nations that ever were, are, or can be, is one of those admitted facts of history which take place by the side of the battle of Marathon and the discovery of America. It is beyond question. Yankee Doodle is first, and the rest are nowhere.

Now there is another historical fact, of less moment, but none the less a fact. It is that Yankee Doodle has not the remotest conception of enjoyment. To offer him a celebration, a feast, a festival, is to put a fish at a five-barred gate. He can not possibly get over it. He gasps and flops. Yankee Doodle on a holiday does likewise. He drinks and pops. His sole idea of festive delight is burning gunpowder with the loudest explosion he can get—gunpowder in Chinese crackers and Colt's revolvers—gunpowder in guns, rifles, and muskets—gunpowder in small cannon and large cannon—gunpowder in squibs, rockets, and fusees; whatever bursts, bangs, hisses, spurts, spits, or shoots, is dear to the soul of Yankee Doodle, when under the necessity of enjoying himself.

Hence the "gaylorious" anniversary of the birth of this great and glorious individual is the most horrible day in the year. It makes a great noise and a bad smell. Instead of a peaceful, pleasant, refreshing festival, there is a furious sham-fight or chaos come again. Every year the number of accidents is painfully increased. The quantity of great and glorious arms, legs, and fingers that are blown off, and free and enlightened eyes that are blown out, is melancholy. And in truth, for the good Doodle, however patriotic he may be, to put rum into his body and powder into his musket at the same time, may lead to disaster. It leads, at least, to wanton cruelty, as the Lounger had an opportunity of remarking when he saw a huge, lazy, lollopping booby discharge a pistol full in the face of a quiet house-dog, lying within a gate dozing.

When these amusements have been carried a little further, and Yankee takes occasion of finding arms in his hands, to settle his little differences with his neighbors, it may be that the Law will try to lead him in the paths of pleasure, and instruct him that the Fourth of July is a day which was intended to be, and ought to be, loved and desired instead of abhorred.

THE CAMPANA MUSEUM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact which we have elsewhere noted that the great and glorious Yankee Doodle has done, does, and is more than any other past, present, or future individual, there is still one odd little circumstance—he does not own the Campana Museum.

Of course he knows what it is, because he knows all about every thing. It is perfectly unnecessary to remind him that it is a museum collected by the Marquis Campana in Rome, and containing an entirely unique gallery of Greek and Roman sculpture—of terra cotta—of vases, Etruscan and other—of bronzes—of gems, medals, engraved stones, etc.—of Pompeian and Roman glass, etc.

It is unnecessary to remind him of this, because he knows it all. He knows that it is one of the most famous and most complete museums in the world; that it contains more than a hundred entire ancient statues, including those of celebrated men; that there are several hundred busts, with the most complete series of the Cæsars, from Augustus to Constantine, sarcophagi, historical alto-relievos, etc., etc.

Yankee Doodle knows all this, because he knows every thing, and when you ask him about the price of this extraordinary collection, he answers you at once that twenty-five years ago, when it was in process of creation, the museum was valued by a competent judge in the interest of the purchaser at a million of dollars.

Now the last thing that frightens Yankee Doodle is a million of dollars. He is perfectly aware that the artists in Rome last winter thought that half a million would buy the sculptures—for he is familiar with the little *disgrazia* of the Marquis of Campana, who, being agent for the Roman Monte di Pieta—the great Papal savings' bank—"appropriated" the funds to an increase of his favorite museum! Our friend knows that Wolff, the famous Prussian sculptor, and Gibson, the famous English sculptor, and Visconti, the famous Roman *expert* in antiquities, have made calculations, or have had them made, of the value of the museum in the interest of the Prussian, English, and Papal Governments, which thought of purchasing.

If you now press Y. D., and ask him, upon his honor, how he happens to know all this, he will tell you, for he is the soul of candor, and if he writes for a newspaper, always burns to give proper credit—that he read it all in Mr. Bigelow's letters to the *Evening Post*. That gentleman says, apparently upon good authority, that the sculptures could be bought for something considerably less than half a million, and urges that they be bought.

Yankee Doodle calls New York a metropolis, and he knows—for what does he not know?—that a metropolis is a great central city, full of galleries, libraries, museums, to which the authors, the artists, the merchants, the manufacturers, the farmers all resort for assistance, instruction, and recreation. He knows that a city is not a metropolis because it is very large and very full; that acres of masonry and millions of people are not enough to make it; that a metropolis is itself a museum of all that is most desirable and admirable in every department of human interest.

Yankee Doodle knows it all perfectly. Meanwhile he presents his compliments to Mr. Bigelow and begs to say that, as he has been for some six years vainly trying to raise thirty thousand dollars to buy the best Egyptian museum in the world, which may, after all, slip through his exceedingly metropolitan fingers, he has grave doubts whether he shall raise ten times thirty thousand to purchase the Campana collection.

MUSIC IN THE PARK.

ONE of our great enterprises is proving a great and memorable success, notwithstanding that it is in New York, and is partially dependent upon the Common Council. Of course that is the Central Park. A little later we hope to speak of it more in detail. Just now we wish to mention merely that there is music there once or twice during the week—music for the hard-working people who have a few hours of leisure in the warm evenings—refreshment for those who can not go farther from town than the Park, and to whom such refreshment is invaluable. Music in a beautiful resort, among green trees and pleasant walks, upon a summer evening, is humanizing.

Now the expense of such music was not contemplated in the appropriation for the construction of the Park. It is a purely private generosity. Mr. Wrey Mold, an architect and musician, the architect in chief of the Park, Mr. Olmsted, than whom the laboring men of New York never had a more faithful or intelligent friend, and a few other gentlemen, have moved the matter. Of course it was not supposed that those who subscribed would probably enjoy the music. It is a gift of enjoyment to others. It is spending five or ten dollars to make somebody you never saw or heard of happy.

The object is so perfectly worthy and impersonal that the subscription has been naturally very small. But this is mainly because it has not been widely enough known. Who will give five, ten, or twenty dollars to be turned into sweet sounds on warm evenings at the Central Park for the benefit of those who do not hear or see too many of the sweet things in the world? If any body, let him send the sum to the Lounger, at this office, and the magic transformation shall be made.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—S. S. C., Grand Rapids, Michigan. You will find the line you quote from Lamartine, and in its true form, in "Hamlet," I., 5:

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire."

—ALICE CAPLERK, Philadelphia, says that a friend of hers thinks that the American to whom the Emperor of France spoke, and to whom the editor of the *Weekly* alluded two or three weeks ago, must have been Stedfast Dodge, of "Homeward Bound" memory. But does Alice's friend think that the divinity which hedges Louis Napoleon is so intense that an American could not look at him and live? Is there any thing very remarkable in the fact that Louis Napoleon spoke to an American "with whom he was on intimate terms," as the editor said?

—C. A. B.'s poem, "The Improvisatrice," is declined.

—J. E. wishes to know if the Lounger thinks that women should always be treated like ladies, whether they behave like ladies or not. The Lounger thinks there can be no doubt that gentlemen ought always to behave like gentlemen. What that conduct requires every gentleman will decide as circumstances occur.

—J. E. also inquires why the "Yorkers" reckon twelve and a half cents to the shilling, and the Yankees sixteen and two-thirds. The shilling sterling is about twenty-three cents of our money. The coin and the name both came with our ancestors to the country; but it depreciated in New England and Virginia one-fourth, or to sixteen and two-thirds, and in New York and North Carolina to twelve and a half. It is now a varying value in different States.

—R. L. writes:

"The last chapters of 'The Virginians' brought freshly to my memory the brief tale of the taking of Quebec, which added one of the finest jewels of the British crown—the Canadas.

"Upon one side of the monument the brief inscription,

HERE DIED
WOLFE,
VICTORIOUS,
September 13, 1759,

appears to me sublime in its simplicity. Whether justice or rapacity prompt the originators of a war, honor belongs justly to the man who loyally fights for his country, and cheerfully lays down his life upon the altar of her glory.

"It is nearly a century now since Wolfe died. If the countrymen of a poet celebrate the hundredth anniversary of *his birthday*, shall not the countrymen of a hero keep the hundredth anniversary of *his death-day*? Does the Anglo-Saxon blood flow rapidly or sluggishly? The Canadian Directory states that Wolfe and Montcalm were laid in one common burial-ground. Thackeray speaks of Wolfe's remains being interred at Greenwich. Where is the error?"

The Lounger can not agree that merely fighting for our country any more than for ourselves, is always honorable. And as to the burial-place of Wolfe, he is very sure that his remains were conveyed to England, as Thackeray says, while the common monument upon the battle-field may have misled the Directory. Montcalm was buried, by his own desire, in a cavity of earth formed by the bursting of a bombshell.

—IMPUDENCE asks:

"Do you think I would be free if I went to Germany? My great-grandfather had a cousin who married a German, and perhaps on that account I may owe allegiance to Francis I."

We can only refer him to the Secretary of State.

—VIRGINIA asks where does the expression occur, "First in war," etc., and adds:

"John Marshall, who moved the resolutions in which this memorable eulogium is contained, written by General Lee, gives it, in his Life of General Washington, vol. v. p. 766, Wayne's ed. 1807, 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.'

"In the 88th number of the second volume of the *Ulster County Gazette*, New York, published at Kingston by Samuel Freer & Son, which No. was issued on Saturday, January 4, 1800, and is in possession of the writer, are given the proceedings of Congress on the announcing of the death of George Washington.

"The paper is in mourning. The resolution as there quoted, has the words, 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country.' Which of all is right?"

—J. D. W. is "particularly desirous" to know where the line is,

"This world, after all, is a beautiful thing."

—SUBSCRIBER says that in a copy of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" which he has just read he misses a line which he thought was there, about the "broken soldier." What edition could omit

"The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won."

—A CONSTANT READER's poem, "A Country Picture," is very pretty, very sweet, and suggestive. It is just not good enough, good as it is.

—J. H. G., Tennessee. Roman Catholics are not allowed by their Church to become Free Masons. But there are some who are members of Odd Fellow Lodges.

—INQUISITIVE, Pittsburgh. The editor of the Providence *Journal* is the Hon. Henry B. Anthony, a few years since Governor of the State and now Rhode Island Senator in Congress. He is yet quite a young man, and his paper has long been noted as one of the best in the country. He is especially happy as a pointed paragraphist, the limits of his sheet not allowing elaborate editorials. But his paragraphs have the solid force, the wit and wisdom, of the best "leaders." Mr. Anthony is one of the ablest journalists in the country; and as a political servant his State knows and honors his ability.

SNAKES AND THEIR PREY.

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

I WAS out shooting, writes a gentleman, resident in the colony of Port Natal, to a friend in England, and observing an oreebec (a small red buck), I endeavored to approach it near enough to secure a shot; and making a circuit I came up toward it, keeping a small hill between myself and the buck, until I thought I might venture to look out and see the whereabouts of my intended game. What was my surprise when I found that the animal had not moved since I first saw it, and was then standing in a peculiar attitude, perfectly motionless, and not twenty yards from me. These little creatures have extraordinary sight, and are very timid, rendering it difficult to approach within a hundred yards, unless you surprise them while sleeping in long grass. I stood watching the buck for some time, at first supposing it to be sick. I then thought I would see how near I could get; and there being an ant-heap close beside the buck, I approached, and, on looking over the mound, saw the head of a large boa-constrictor lying just out of a hole under the heap; and the buck stood with its head turned on one side, in an awkward position, gazing intently on its deadly enemy, and not in the least aware of my vicinity. I retreated cautiously, fearing to break the spell, and wishing to watch the last act in this singular mesmeric drama.

The buck must have remained at least five minutes in this transfixed position, the hair of its back erect, its eye dilated, and its attitude stiff and unnatural. Suddenly I saw it on the ground, the thick black coils of the boa enfolding its body and legs. I fired instantly, and the reptile slowly unwound himself, compelled to succumb to a power more terrible than his own. My gun has one barrel rifled, the other a smooth bore for shot. I had discharged shot only, not being far off, and the body of the snake was nearly severed; yet in the short instant during which he had embraced his prey he had broken every bone of the pretty creature's body. I measured the snake, and found its length to be eighteen feet nine inches.

The eye of the boa is very peculiar while mesmerizing its prey; it almost appears to emit flame. It may be compared to an amethyst or a ruby, or both, with an emerald stuck together, and rapidly revolving in the sun.

Its mouth was closed, or nearly so, and its long tongue darting from side to side, as if in greedy anticipation of the dish of venison which awaited its devouring jaws.

On another occasion I watched a smaller boa, about eight feet long, while engaged in the act of swallowing a fowl. It first seized the head, and appeared to swallow with great difficulty, making convulsive efforts, observable from the rings of its tail upward. After some hard struggles the head and neck of the fowl disappeared, but the wings, being extended, presented rather a serious impediment to further proceedings; and I was curious to see how the snake would get over his difficulties—for even a juggler would be nonplused if required to swallow knives and forks *crosswise*—and I soon found that he was quite equal to the emergency. After a series of painful efforts, tantalizing, doubtless, to a hungry boa, the reptile brought his tail to the rescue; extremes met, and, folding the wings together, he at last forced the body of the fowl between his jaws. He now, however, seemed to have got himself in a greater fix than ever. The distension caused his neck to appear only as thick as my thumb, and from the form and setting of his teeth he could not disgorge his Brobdignag mouthful, and I began to think that his snakeship had really rather more than he knew what to do with.

Not a bit of it. After resting a minute or two he coiled round his distended jaws, and commenced an ingenious process of compression, beginning at his head and working downward along the neck and body—stuffing himself as you would a sausage—till he had completed this extraordinary manœuvre of deglutition. The whole operation lasted about twenty minutes, and, I must confess, seemed any thing but a gratifying mode of appeasing the animal appetite.

I captured this boa, and kept him some time in a cask, and ultimately gave him to a friend who was proceeding to Cape Town.

The skin of the boa, and that also of the iguana (a large water lizard), make beautiful, soft, and very durable slippers. I will send you the next I get,

VENICE AND VERONA.

IT is now evident that the next great conflicts in the pending war will be waged at the cities of Venice and Verona, and we therefore anticipate events by laying before our readers correct plans of those cities as they are at present.

The city of Venice, which contains about 125,000 inhabitants—say one fourth more than Brooklyn, New York, is built on seventy or eighty islands and sand-banks at the head of the Adriatic Sea. The town is about fifteen hundred years old. It was originally occupied as a refuge by the people of Northern Italy, who were flying from the attacks of the barbarians. Eight hundred years ago, being much annoyed by the piracies of the natives of other islands in the Adriatic, they undertook to build a navy to extirpate the pirates. This led to their maritime supremacy. In the course of two centuries they managed to seize the most valuable islands of the Mediterranean Archipelago; in two centuries more they were the foremost trading nation of Europe. In the year 1500 they monopolized the trade of India, and to be a Venetian was to be not only free, but rich, intelligent, and powerful. The finest ships of the day were Venetian; the best editions of the classics were printed at Venice; the Venetians wove and wore the richest fabrics of silk and costly stuffs; the Venetian arms were the most highly prized by soldiers; the Venetian traders were the type of the "merchant prince." Venice's prosperity culminated when the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered. This cost her the monopoly of the European trade with India. Then followed exhaustive wars with Genoa, with the Turks, with Germany. In 1797, when the French took Venice, it was the ghost of its former self. In 1814 it relapsed into the hands of Austria, and has ever since—with the exception of a brief interval in 1848, when the republic was restored—remained subject to the empire.

The great peculiarity of Venice is the absence of streets, and the substitution of canals in their place. Besides the great canal, which, as our plan shows, divides the city into two parts, there are 149 smaller canals, which are navigated in gondolas. These canals are crossed by 306 bridges. The principal promenade and place of assembly for the people is the famous Place of St. Mark, which will readily be discovered on our plan. The houses in Venice are built on piles driven into the sand and mud of the islands. A recent occurrence shows how, of late years, the prosperity of the city has declined. An American from Chicago, visiting Venice, was curious to know how the Venetian pile-driver compared with those used at his home, and desired his guide to show him one.

The *cicerone* was puzzled; at length he contrived to understand what the traveler desired to see, and took him to the Museum, where he showed him an ancient machine covered with dust and rust and mould.

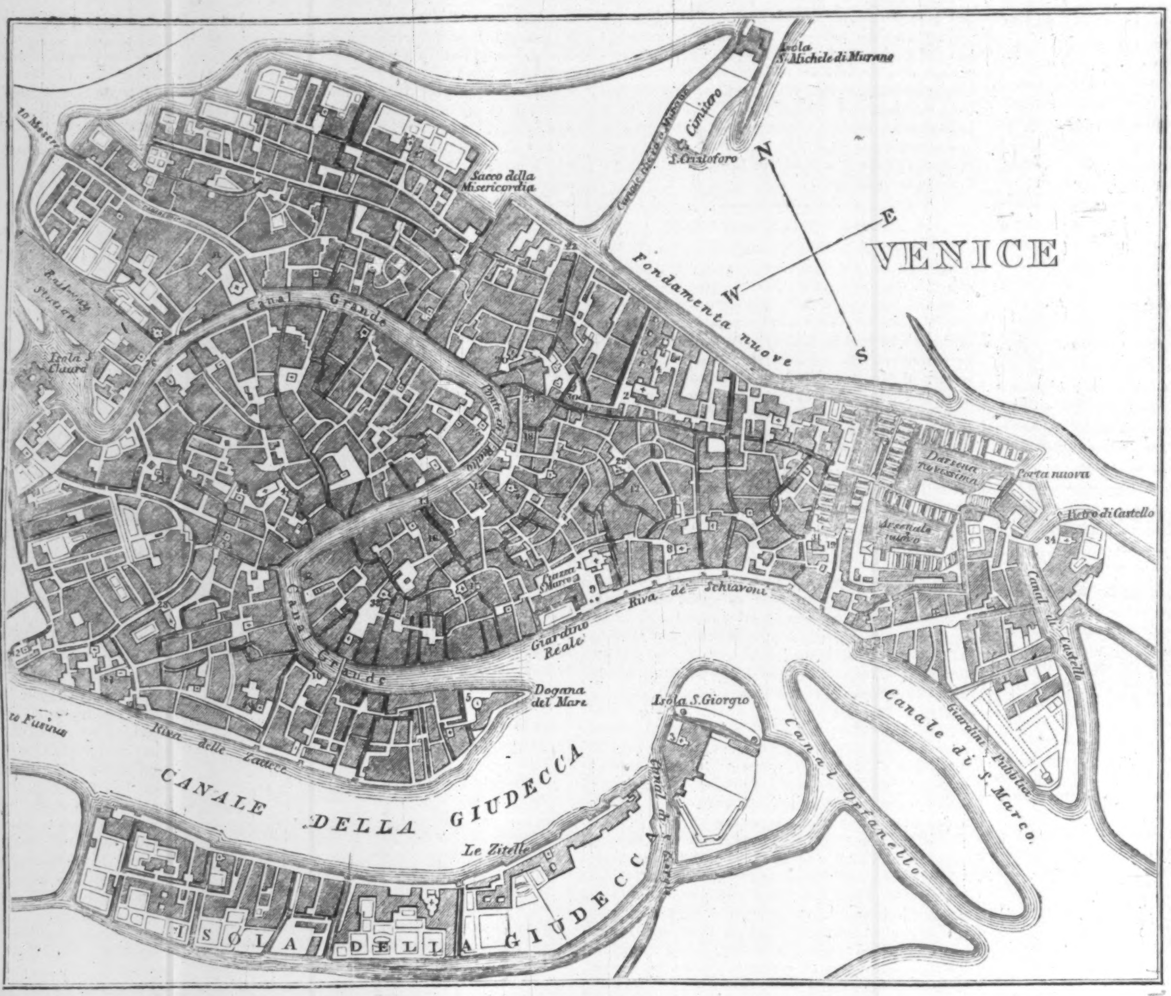
"That, Signor," said he, "is the Venetian pile-driver."

"That!" cried the American; "why that thing hasn't been used for centuries. Where is the pile-driver now in use?"

"Ah! Signor," answered the Venetian, with a sigh, "we don't need any pile-driver now; there has not been a house built in Venice for three hundred years."

The port of Venice has been blockaded by the French, and it is understood that they are about to effect a landing there. The fortifications, which have lately been strengthened, are said to be formidable; and without experienced pilots the French will find it difficult to navigate the intricate and shallow channels leading to the port. However, the thing can be done, and Napoleon is not the man to fail. He is sure of active sympathy among the Venetians, who hate Austria as intensely as the Milanese, and with even better reason, for the Austrians have deliberately done their worst to destroy Venice for the benefit of Trieste.

Verona, of which we subjoin a plan, has already been described in the *Weekly* (No. 132). It is a superb city, fortified at every point, and, at the present time, crammed with Austrian soldiers. It is the northeast corner of the historical square, and, with Mantua, will undoubtedly be the last place abandoned by the Austrians in Italy. The only question which remains to be determined with regard to its fortifications is, whether they can accommodate the large army which the Austrians now have in Lombardy.


VENICE
N
E
S
W
to Mestre
Railway Station
Canal Grande
Fondamenta nuove
Sacco della Misericordia
S. Cristoforo
Cimitero
Isola S. Michele di Murano
Darsena
Arsenale
Porta nuova
Canal di Castello
Riva de Schiavoni
Giardino Reale
Dogana del Mare
Isola S. Giorgio
Canale di S. Marco
Giardini Pubblici
to Fusina
Canale della Giudecca
Le Zitelle
Isola della Giudecca

REFERENCES.

PRINCIPAL CHURCHES.

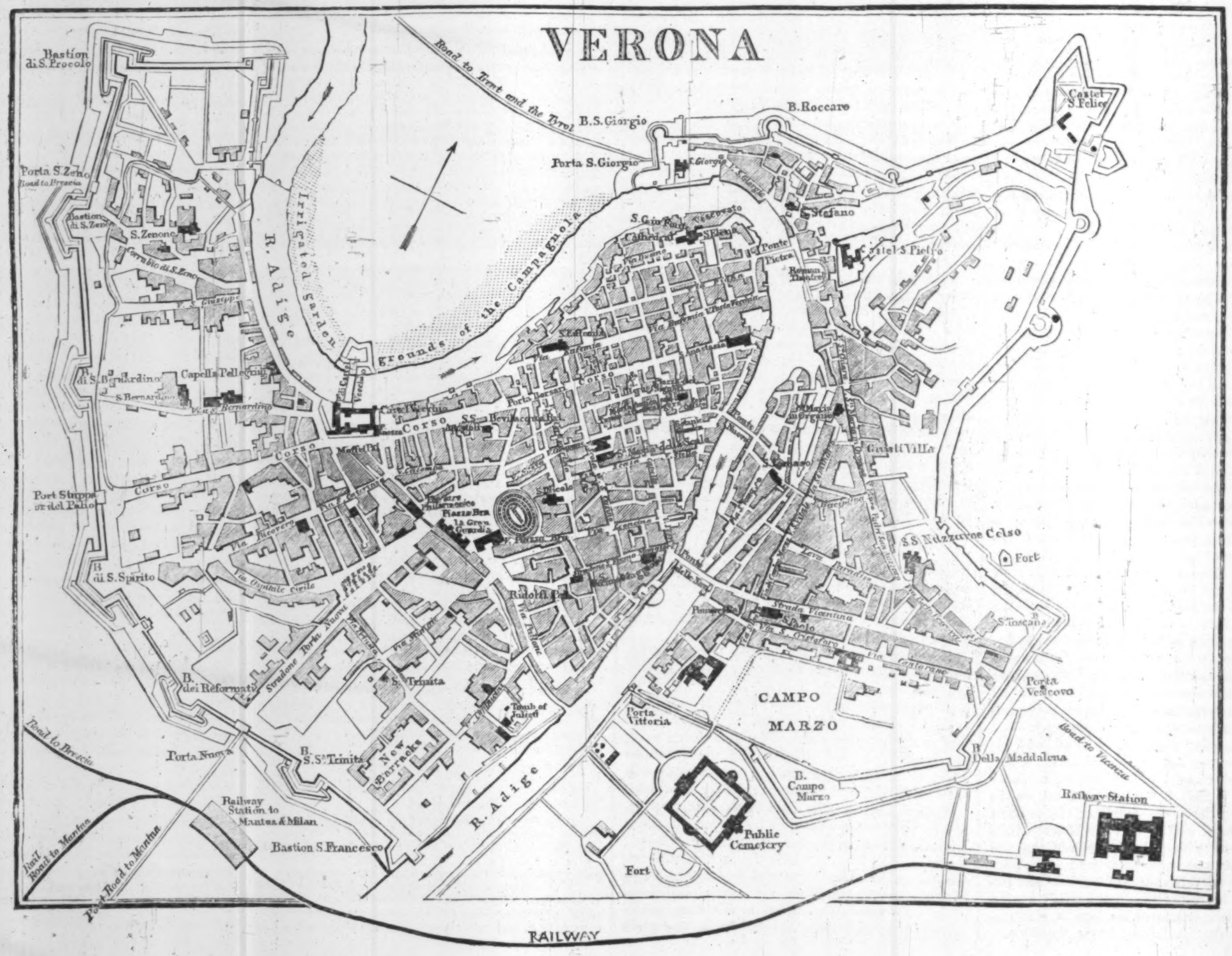
1. S. Mark.
2. S. Giovannie Paola.
3. S. Giorgio Maggiore.
4. S. Maria dei Frari.
5. S. Maria della Salute.
6. Il Redentore.
7. S. Salvatore.
8. S. Zaccaria.

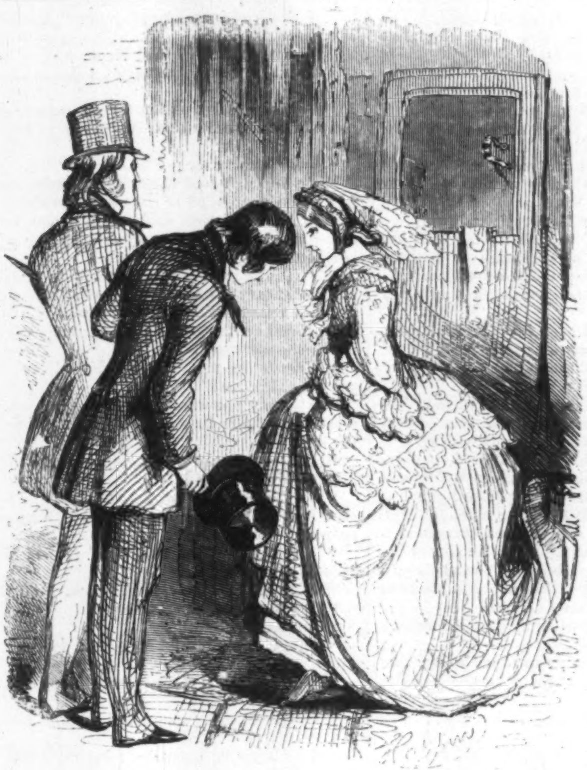
PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

9. Ducal Palace.
10. Academy of Fine Arts.
11. Palazzo Manfrini.
12. Palazzo Grimania.
    S. Maria Formosa.
13. Post-office.
14. Hospital.
15. Teatro della Fenice.
16. Teatro Gallo.
17. Teatro Apollo.
18. Teatro Malibran.
19. Entrance to the Arsenal.

OTHER CHURCHES.

20. S. Apostoli.
21. S. Francesco della Vigna.
22. Gesuiti.
23. S. Giovanni Crisostomo.
24. S. Giorgio de Greci.
25. S. Jacopo di Rialto.
26. S. Lucia.
27. Madonna dell' Orto.
28. S. Maria del Carmine.
29. S. Maria Formosa.
30. S. Maria de' Miracoli.
31. S. Martino.
32. S. Nicolo.
33. S. Pantaleone.
34. S. Pietro di Castello.
35. S. Rocco.
36. Gli Scalzi.
37. S. Sebastiano.
38. S. Stefano.
39. Tolentini.
40. S. Trovaso.
41. Hotel Danieli.
42. Hotel dela Ville.
43. Police Office.


VERONA
Bastion di S. Procolo
Road to Trent and the Tyrol
B. S. Giorgio
Porta S. Giorgio
B. Roccaro
Castel S. Felice
Castel S. Pietro
Porta S. Zeno
S. Zeno
R. Adige
Irrigated garden
grounds of the Campagnola
Corso
Giusti Villa
S.S. Nazzaro e Celso
Fort
Port Stuppa or del Palio
B. di S. Spirito
B. dei Reformati
Porta Nuova
B. S.S. Trinita
New Barracks
Railway Station to Mantua & Milan
Bastion S. Francesco
Road to Brescia
Road to Mantua
R. Adige
Porta Vittoria
Public Cemetery
CAMPO MARZO
B. Campo Marzo
B. Della Maddalena
Porta Vescovo
Road to Vicenza
Railway Station
RAILWAY



SHOPPING, *ET CÆTERA.*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF NEWT.

MR. ABEL NEWT did not devote all his time to selling dry goods upon commission. He had tastes and desires that even Pearl Street could not satisfy: and under the guidance of Corlaer Van Boozenberg, who had made Abel's acquaintance because he was an admirer of Abel's sister Fanny, rather than because the senior Van B. desired, young Mr. Newt soon became well known in the bar-room of the Washington Hotel, at Cato's upon the island, and at a certain house which shall be nameless, as also the lovely mistress thereof, not ten thousand miles from Canal Street, which in those days was well up town.

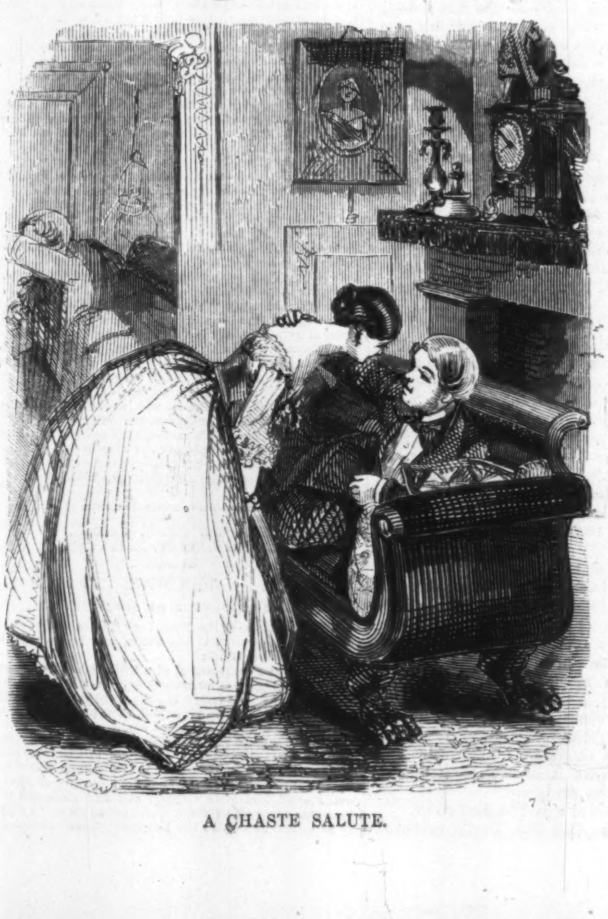
As the senior of Mr. Newt, Jun., in years, Corlaer Van Boozenberg naturally commenced his Mentorship with a kind of patronizing manner, indicating general superiority, which was, however, gradually ameliorated in tone by the astonishing progress which his pupil made, and an air of secret sarcasm which stole into his pupil's manner toward him. The same air was observable in his treatment of all his other companions.

Indeed, as the world returned to town and the late autumnal festivities began, the handsome person and self-possessed style of Mr. Abel Newt became the fashion. Invitations showered upon him. Mrs. Dagon proclaimed every where that there had been nobody so fascinating since the days of the brilliant youth of Aaron Burr, whom she declared that she well remembered, and added, that if she could say it without blushing, or if any reputable woman ought to admit such things, she should confess that in her younger days she had received flowers and even notes from that fascinating man.

For then it was quite different you know, my dears. In my day and my sister Mary's, Colonel Burr was the thing. Why, dear me! a girl who had dined at the same table with him was envied. But if, my gracious! Colonel Burr had handed her out, the woman took airs upon it. Yes, my dears, she positively did. It was dreadful, you know; and he folded his notes so neatly! But after the duel and the treason, dear me! dear me! of course it was all over. You should have seen him make a bow. He had just the same easy, careless grace that Abel has. It was full of a kind of consciousness that it was worth while to know him and like him. I don't deny, my dears, that he was a naughty man. But I can tell you one thing, all the naughty men are not in disgrace yet, though he is. And, if you please, Miss Fanny, with all your virtuous sniffs, dear, and all your hugging of men in waltzing, darling, Colonel Burr was not sent to Coventry because he was naughty. He might have been naughty all the days of his life and Mrs. Jacob Van Boozenberg, and all the rest of 'em, would have been quite as glad to have him at their houses. No, no, dears. Society doesn't punish men for being naughty—only women. I am older than you, and I have observed that society likes spice in character. It doesn't harm a man to have stories told about him.

Aunt Dagon was garrulous, and people were a little afraid of her; for she was old enough to say just what she thought, and clever enough to think things that people did not care to hear. It may be very true that the spoons are German silver, and every body may be aware of it, but what is the use of saying so? How can any body who cries hush! at table, and having attracted every body's attention, then raises a spoon, and holding it conspicuously, says distinctly, "This is German silver!" expect to be invited to dinner? Sometimes, indeed, society must ask such people—if you give balls in France, you must invite French people to dance—but it does not forgive them. Every body had to ask Mrs. Dagon, and every body dreaded her. Naturally, said Fanny Newt, because she eats every body up.

No ball, however, was complete without Abel Newt. Ladies, meditating parties, engaged him before they issued a single invitation. At dinners he was sparkling and agreeable, with tact enough not to extinguish the other men, who yet felt his superiority and did not half like it. They imitated his manner; but what was ease, or gilded assurance, in him, was open insolence, or assurance with the gilt rubbed off, in them. The charm and secret of his manner lay in an utter devotion which said to every woman, "There's not a woman in the world who can resist me, except you. Have you the heart to do it?" Of course this manner was assisted by personal magnetism and beauty. Wilkes said he was only half an hour behind the handsomest man in the world. But he would never have overtaken him if the handsome man had been Wilkes.



A CHASTE SALUTE.

In his dress Abel was costly and elegant. With the other men of his day he read "Pelham" with an admiration of which his life was the witness. Pelham was the Byronic hero made practicable, purged of romance, and adapted to society. Mr. Newt, Jun., was one of a small but influential set of young men about town who did all they could to repair the misfortune of being born Americans, by imitating the habits of foreign life. They all had a secret contempt of what they called the democratic tendencies of the country. They were the higher class—the nobility. They were, above all, "gentlemen."

It was presently clear to our friend that residence under the parent roof was incompatible with the habits of a strictly fashionable man.

"There are hours, you know, mother, and habits, which make a separate lodging much more agreeable to all parties. I have friends to smoke, or to drink a glass of punch, or to play a game of whist; and we must sing and laugh and make a noise, as young men will, which is not seemly for the paternal mansion, mother mine."

With which he took his admiring mother airily under the chin and kissed her—not having mentioned every reason which made a separate residence desirable. But "a few remarks" are not an oration.

So Abel Newt hired a pleasant set of rooms in Grand Street, near Broadway, in the neighborhood of other youth of proper *ton*. He furnished them sumptuously, with the softest carpets, the most luxurious easy-chairs, the most costly curtains, and pretty, bizarre little tables and bureaus, and shelves. Various engravings hung upon the walls; a profile-head of Bulwer, with a large Roman nose and bushy whiskers, and one of his Majesty George IV., in that famous cloak which Lord Chesterfield bought at the sale of his Majesty's wardrobe for eleven hundred dollars, and of which the sable lining alone originally cost four thousand dollars. It was perhaps the finest article in that dandy's wardrobe, which had altogether cost almost half a million of dollars. Then there were little vases and boxes and caskets standing upon all possible places, with a rare flower in some one of them often, sent by some kind dowager who wished to make sure of Abel at a dinner or a select soirée. Pipes, of course, and boxes of choice cigars were at hand, and in a convenient closet such a beautiful set of English cut glass for the use of a gentleman!

It was no wonder that the rooms of Abel Newt became a kind of club-room and elegant lounge for the gay gentlemen about town. He even gave little dinners there to quiet little parties, sometimes including two or three extremely vivacious and pretty, as well as fashionably dressed, young women, whom he was not in the habit of meeting in society, but who were known quite familiarly to Abel and his friends.

Upon other occasions these little dinners took place out of town, whither the gentlemen drove alone in their buggies by daylight, and, meeting the ladies there, had the pleasure of driving them back to the city in the evening. The "buggy" of Abel's day was an open gig without a top, very easy upon its springs, but dangerous with stumbling horses. The drive was along the old Boston road, and the rendezvous Cato's—Cato Alexander's—near the present shot-tower. If the gentlemen returned alone, they finished the evening at Benton's, in Ann Street, where they played a pretty game of billiards; or at Thiel's retired rooms over the celebrated Stewart's, opposite the Park, where they indulged in faro. Abel Newt lost and won his money with careless grace—always a little glad when he gained, for somebody had to pay for all this luxurious life.

Boniface Newt remonstrated. His son was late at the office in the morning. He drew large sums to meet his large expenses. Several times, instead of instantly filling out the checks as Abel directed, the book-keeper had delayed, and said casually to Mr. Newt during Abel's absence at lunch, which was usually prolonged, that he supposed it was all right to fill up a check of that amount to Mr. Abel's order? Mr. Boniface Newt replied, in a dogged way, that he supposed it was.

But one day when the sum had been large, and the paternal temper more than usually ruffled, he addressed the junior partner upon his return from lunch and his noontide glass with his friends at the Washington Hotel, to the effect that matters were going on much too rapidly.

"To what matters do you allude, father?" inquired Mr. Abel, with composure, as he picked his teeth with one hand, and surveyed a cigar which he held in the other.

"I mean, Sir, that you are spending a great deal too much money."

"Why, how is that, Sir?" asked his son, as he called to the boy in the outer office to bring him a light.

"By Heavens! Abel, you're enough to make a man crazy! Here I have put you into my business, over the heads of the clerks who are a hundred-fold better fitted for it than you; and you not only come down late and go away early, and destroy all kind of discipline by smoking and lounging, but you don't manifest the slightest interest in the business; and, above all, you are living at a frightfully ruinous rate! Yes, Sir, ruinous! How do you suppose I can pay, or that the business can pay, for such extravagance?"

Abel smoked calmly during this energetic discourse, and blew little rings from his mouth, which he watched with interest as they melted in the air.

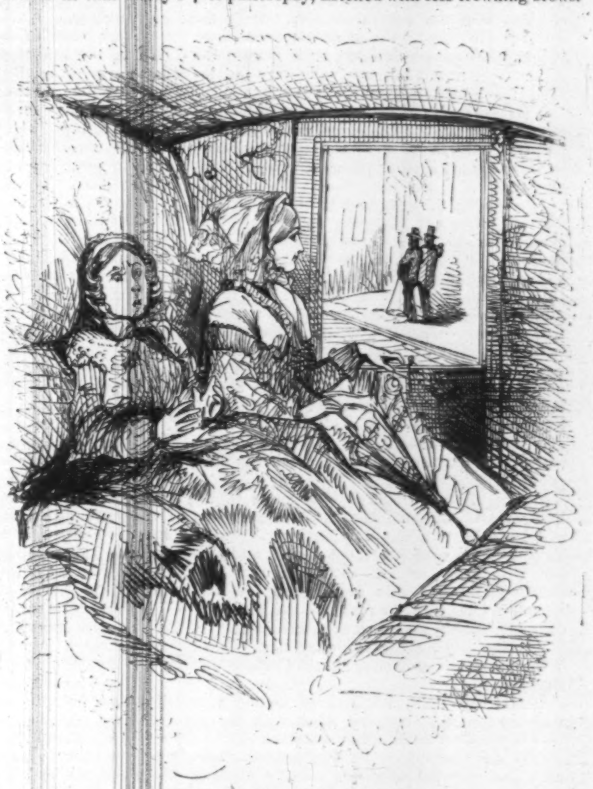
"Certain things are inevitable, father."

His parent, frowning and angry, growled at him as he made this remark, and muttered,

"Well, suppose they are."

"Now, father," replied his son, with great composure, "let us proceed calmly. Why should we pretend not to see what is perfectly plain? Business nowadays proceeds by credit. Credit is based upon something, or the show of something. It is represented by a bank-bill. Here now—" And he opened his purse leisurely, and drew out a five-dollar note of the Bank of New York, "here is a promise to pay five dollars—in gold or silver, of course. Do you suppose that the Bank of New York has gold and silver enough to pay all those promises it has issued? Of course not."

Abel knocked off the ash from his cigar, and took a long contemplative whiff, as if he were about making a plunge into views even more profound. Mr. Newt, half pleased with the show of philosophy, listened with less frowning brows.



A PROMENADE, *EN VOITURE.*

"Well, now, if, by some hocus-pocus, the Bank of New York hadn't a cent in coin at this moment, it could redeem the few claims that might be made upon it by borrowing, could it not?"

Mr. Newt shook his head affirmatively.

"And, in fine, if it were entirely bankrupt, it could still do a tremendous business for a very considerable time, could it not?"

Mr. Newt assented.

"And the managers, who knew it to be so, would have plenty of time to get off before an explosion, if they wanted to?"

"Abel, what do you mean?" inquired his father.

The young man was still placidly blowing rings of smoke from his mouth, and answered:

"Nothing terrible. Don't be alarmed. It is only an illustration of the practical value of credit, showing how it covers a retreat, so to speak. Do you see the moral, father?"

"No; certainly not. I see no moral at all."

"Why, suppose that nobody wanted to retreat, but that the Bank was only to be carried over a dangerous place, then credit is a bridge, isn't it? If it were out of money, it could live upon its credit until it got the money back again."

"Clearly," answered Mr. Newt.

"And if it extended its operations, it would acquire even more credit?"

"Yes."

"Because people, believing in the solvency of the Bank, would suppose that it extended itself because it had more means?"

"Yes."

"And would not feel any dust in their eyes?"

"No," said Mr. Newt, following his son closely.

"Well, then; don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," replied the father; "that is, I don't see what you mean."

"Why, father, look here! I come into your business. The fact is known. People look. There's no whisper against the house. We extend ourselves; we live liberally, but we pay the bills. Every body says, 'Newt & Son are doing a thumping business.' Perhaps we are—perhaps we are not. We are crossing the bridge of credit. Before people know that we have been living up to our incomes—quite up, father dear"—Mr. Newt frowned an entire assent—"we have plenty of money!"

"How, in Heaven's name!" cried Boniface Newt, springing up, and in so loud a tone that the clerks looked in from the outer office.

"By my marriage," returned Abel, quietly.

"With whom?" asked Mr. Newt, earnestly.

"With an heiress."

"What's her name?"

"Just what I am trying to find out," replied Abel, lightly, as he threw his cigar away. "And now I put it to you, father, as a man of the world and a sensible, sagacious, successful merchant, am I not more likely to meet and marry such a girl—loving her, of course, that's understood—if I live generously in society, than if I shut myself up to be a mere dig?"

Mr. Newt was not sure. Perhaps it was so. Upon the whole, it probably was so.

"But, Abel, to marry merely for money—merely, you know—how is that?"

"Oh, Sir, of course, not *merely* for money. Money is a happy accident. At the same time I do feel as if I could dispense with the necessities of life more easily than the luxuries." The father and son smiled together. "I do not believe I was made for love in a cottage. And yet, with the woman you love—!"

Abel smiled curiously. The woman of whom he spoke might have been frightened by such a smile.

"However, father, it is not the Millennium. When that comes, I suppose we shall all live in cottages with the women we love. Only the cottages will have all the modern conveniences. A man can't expect to marry as if it were the Millennium now. It's very sad—very sad indeed," said Abel, half-smiling at his father.

That gentleman shook his head as if he were quite of the same opinion, but not at all as if he perceived that his son was ingenuously burlesquing his little peculiarities of style in conversation.

Nor did Mr. Abel suggest to his father that, for the purpose of marrying an heiress, if he should ever chance to be so fortunate as to meet one, and, having met her, to become enamored so that he might be justified in wooing her for his wife—that for all these contingencies it was a good thing for a young man to have a regular business connection and apparent employment—and very advantageous indeed that that connection should be with a man so well known in commercial and fashionable circles as his father. That of itself was one of the great advantages of credit. It was a frequent joke of Abel's with his father, after the recent conversation, that credit was the most creditable thing going.

During these brilliant days of young bachelorhood Abel, by some curious chance, had not met Hope Wayne, who was passing the winter in New York with her Aunt Dinks, and who had hitherto declined all society. It was well known that she was in town. The beautiful Boston heiress was often enough the theme of discourse among the youth at Abel's rooms.

"Is she really going to marry that Dinks? Why, the man's a donkey!" said Corlaer Van Boozenberg.

"And are there no donkeys among your married friends?" inquired Abel, with the air of a naturalist pursuing his researches.

One day, indeed, as he was passing Stewart's, he saw her alighting from a carriage. He was not alone; and as he passed their eyes met. He bowed profoundly. She bent her head without speaking, as one acknowledges a slight acquaintance. It was not a "cut," as Abel said to himself; not at all. It was simply ranking me with the herd.

"By Jove, she's handsome!" said Herbert Octoyne, who was with him, and who was engaged to Miss Lucy Shrimp. "Why the deuce didn't she come to New York before?"

Mr. Octoyne meant that, had she had the good fortune to do so, he would have honored her purse with his hand rather than Miss Shrimp's.

"Who's that stopping to speak with her?" asked Corlaer, as he turned back to see her.

"That's Arthur Merlin. Don't you know? He's a painter. I wonder how the deuce he came to know her!"

In fact, it was the painter. It was the first time he had met her since the summer days of Saratoga; and as he stood talking with her upon the sidewalk, and observed that her cheeks had an unusual flush, and her manner a slight excitement, he could not help feeling a secret pleasure—feeling, in truth, so deep a delight, as he looked into that lovely face, that he found himself reflecting, as he walked away, how very fortunate it was that he was so entirely devoted to his art. It is very fortunate indeed, thought he. And yet it might be a pity, too, if I should chance to meet some beautiful and sympathetic woman; because, being so utterly in love with my art, it would be impossible for me to fall in love with her! Quite impossible! Quite out of the question!

Just as he thought this he bumped against some one, and looked up suddenly. A calm, half-amused face met his glance, as Arthur said, hastily, "I beg your pardon."

"My pardon is granted," returned the gentleman; "but still you had better look out for yourself."

"Oh! I shall not hit any body else," said Arthur, as he bowed and was passing on.

"I am not speaking of other people," replied the other, with a look which was very friendly, but very puzzling.

"Whom do you mean, then?" asked Arthur Merlin.

"Yourself, of course," said the gentleman with the half-amused face.

"How?" inquired Arthur.

"To guard against Venus rising from the fickle sea, or Hope descending from a carriage," rejoined his companion, putting out his hand.

Arthur looked surprised, and, could he have resisted the face of his new acquaintance, he would have added indignation to his expression. But it was impossible.

"To whom do I owe such excellent advice?"

"To Lawrence Newt, of the India trade," answered that gentleman, putting out his hand. "I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Arthur Merlin."

The painter shook the merchant's hand cordially. They had some further conversation, and finally Mr. Merlin turned, and the two men strolled together down town. While they yet talked Lawrence Newt observed that the eyes of his companion studied every carriage that passed. He did it in a very natural, artless way; but Lawrence Newt smiled with his eyes, and at length said, as if Arthur had asked him the question, "There she comes!"

Arthur was a little bit annoyed, and said, suddenly, and with a fine air of surprise, "Who?"

Lawrence turned and looked him full in the face; upon which the painter, who was so fanatically devoted to his art that many things were clearly impossible, said "Oh!" as if somebody had answered his question.

The next moment both gentlemen bowed to Hope Wayne, who passed with Mrs. Dinks in her carriage.

Fanny Newt, of course, had heard from Alfred of the interview with his mother on the same evening, as they sat in Mrs. Newt's parlor before going into the ball. Fanny was arrayed in a charming evening costume. It was low about the neck, which, except that it was very white, descended like a hard, round beach from the low shrubbery of her back hair to the shore of the dress. It was very low tide; but there was a gentle ripple of laces and ribbons that marked the line of division. Mr. Alfred Dinks had taken a little refreshment since the conversation with his mother, and felt at the moment quite equal to any emergency.

"The fact is, Fanny dear," said he, "that mother has always insisted that I should marry Hope Wayne. Now Hope Wayne is a very pretty girl, a deuced pretty girl; but, by George! she's not the only girl in the world, hey, Fanny?"

At this point Mr. Dinks made free with the lips of Miss Newt.

"Pah! Alfred, my dear, you have been drinking wine," said she, moving gently away from him.

"Of course I have, darling; haven't I dined?" replied Alfred, renewing the endearment.

Now Fanny's costume was too careful, her hair too elaborately arranged, to withstand successfully these osculatory onsets.

"Alfred, dear, we may as well understand these little matters at once," said she.

"What little matters, darling?" inquired Mr. Dinks, with interest. He was unwontedly animated, but, as he explained—he had dined.

"Why, this kissing business."

"You dear!" cried Alfred, impetuously committing a fresh breach of the peace.

"Stop, Alfred," said Fanny, imperiously. "I won't have this. I mean," said she, in a mollified tone, remembering that she was only engaged, not married, "I mean that you tumble me dreadfully. Now, dear, I'll make a little rule. You know you don't want your Fanny to look mussed up, do you, dear?" and she touched his cheek with the tip of one finger. Dinks shook his head negatively. "Well, then, you shall only kiss me when I am in my morning-dress, and one kiss, with hands off, when we say good-night."

She smiled a little, cold, hard, black smile, smoothing her rumpled feathers, and darting glances at herself in the large mirror opposite, as if she considered her terms the most reasonable in the world.

"It seems to me very little," said Alfred Dinks, discontentedly; "besides, you always look best when you are dressed."

"Thank you, love," returned Fanny; "just remember the morning-dress, please, for I shall; and now tell me all about your conversation with your mother."

Alfred told the story. Fanny listened with alarm. She had watched Mrs. Dinks closely during the whole summer, and she was sure—for Fanny knew herself thoroughly, and reasoned accordingly—that the lady would stop at nothing in the pursuit of her object.

"What a selfish woman it is!" thought Fanny. "Not content with Alfred's share of the inheritance, she wants to bring the whole Burt fortune into her family. How insatiable some people are!"

"Alfred, has your mother seen Hope since she talked with you?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Why didn't you warn her not to?"

"I didn't think of it."

"But why didn't you think of it? If you'd only have put her off, we could have got time," said Fanny, a little pettishly.

"Got time for what?" asked Alfred, blankly.

"Alfred," said Fanny, coaxing herself to speak gently, "I'm afraid you will be trying, dear. I am very much afraid of it."

The lover looked doubtful and alarmed.

"Don't look like a fool, Alfred, for Heaven's sake!" cried Fanny; but she immediately recovered herself, and said, with a smile, "You see, dear, how I can scold if I want to. But you'll never let me, I know."

Mr. Dinks hoped certainly that he never should. "But I sha'n't be a very hard husband, Fanny. I shall let you do pretty much as you want to," said he, with the air of a chivalric rooster.

"Dearest, I know you will," rejoined his charmer. "But the thing is now to know whether your mother has seen Hope Wayne."

"I'll go and ask her," said Alfred, rising.

"My dear fellow," replied Fanny, with her mouth screwed into a semblance of smiling, "You'll drive me distracted. I must insist on common sense. It is too delicate a question for you to ask."

Mr. Dinks grinned and looked bewildered. Then he assumed a very serious expression.

"It doesn't seem to me to be hard to ask my mother if she has seen my cousin."

"Pooh! you silly—I mean, my precious darling, your mother's too smart for you. She'd have every thing out of you in a twinkling."

"I suppose she would," said Alfred, meekly.

Fanny Newt wagged her foot very rapidly and looked fixedly upon the floor. Alfred gazed at her admiringly—thought what a splendid Mrs. Alfred Dinks he had secured, and smacked his lips as if he were tasting her. He kissed his hand to her as he sat. He kissed the air toward her. But he might as well have blown kisses to the brown spire of Trinity Church.

"Alfred, you must solemnly promise me one thing," she said, at length.

"Sweet," said Alfred, who began to feel that he had dined very much, indeed—"sweet, come here!"

Fanny flushed and wrinkled her brow. Mr. Dinks was frightened.

"Oh no, dear—no, not at all," said he.

"My love," said she, in a voice as calm but as black as her eyes, "do you promise or not? That's all."

Poor Dinks! He said Yes, in a feeble way, and hoped she wouldn't be angry. Indeed—indeed—he didn't know how much he had been drinking. But the fellers kept ordering wine and he had to drink on, and, oh! dear, he wouldn't do so again if Fanny would only forgive him. Dear, dear Fanny, please to forgive a miserable feller! And Miss Newt's betrothed sobbed and wept and half writhed on the sofa in maudlin woe.

Fanny stood erect, patting the floor with her foot and looking at this spectacle. She thought she had counted the cost. But the price seemed at this instant a little high. Twenty-two years old now, and if she lived to be only seventy, then forty-eight years of Alfred Dinks! It was a very large sum, indeed. But Fanny bethought her of the balm in Gilead. Forty-eight years of married life was very different from an engagement of that period. *Courage, ma chère!*

"Alfred," said she, at length, "listen to me. Go to your mother before she goes to bed to-night, and say to her that there are reasons why she must not speak of your engagement to any body, not even to Hope Wayne. And if she begins to pump you, tell her that it is the especial request of the lady—whom you may call 'she,' you needn't say Hope—that no question of any kind shall be asked, or the engagement may be broken. Do you understand, dear?"

Fanny leaned toward him, coaxingly, as she asked the question.

"Oh yes, I understand," replied Alfred.

"And you'll do just as Fanny says, won't you dear?" said she, even more caressingly.

"Yes, I will, I promise," answered Alfred.

"You may kiss me, dear," said Fanny, leaning toward him so that the operation need not disarrange her toilet.

Alfred Dinks kept his word; and his mother was perfectly willing to do as she was asked. She smiled with intelligence whenever she saw her son and his cousin together, and remarked that Hope Wayne's demeanor did not in the least betray the engagement. And she smiled with the same intelligence when she remarked how devoted Alfred was to Fanny Newt.

"Can it possibly be that Alfred knows so much?" she asked herself, wondering over the long time during which her son's cunning had remained dormant.

"Who are those gentlemen to whom you are bowing, Hope?" Mrs. Dinks asked, as they sat together in the carriage, and she saw her niece lean forward and blush as she bowed.

"Mr. Merlin and Mr. Lawrence Newt," replied Hope.

"Oh, I did not observe."

After a while she said, "Don't you think, Hope, you could make up your mind to go to Mrs. Brickle's ball next week? You know you haven't been out at all."

"Perhaps," replied Hope, doubtfully.

"Just as you please, dear. I think it is quite as well to stay away if you want to. Your retirement is very natural and proper and beautiful, under the circumstances, although it is unusual. Of course I don't fully understand. But I have perfect confidence in the justice of your reasons."

Mrs. Dinks looked at Hope tenderly and sagaciously, as she said this, and smiled meaningly.

Hope was entirely bewildered. Then a sudden apprehension shot through her mind as she thought of what her aunt had said. She asked suddenly and a little proudly,

"What do you mean by 'circumstances,' aunt?"

Mrs. Dinks was uneasy in her turn. But she pushed bravely on; and said kindly,

"Why on earth shouldn't I know why you are unwilling to have it known, Hope? You know I am as still as the grave."

"Have what known, aunt?" asked Hope.

"Why, dear," replied Mrs. Dinks, confused by Hope's air of innocence, "your engagement, of course."

"My engagement?" said Hope, with a look of utter amazement; "to whom, I should like to know?"

Mrs. Dinks looked at her for an instant, and resolved she would clear up the mystery at once.

"Are you not engaged to Alfred?"

Hope Wayne's look of anxious surprise melted into an expression of intense amusement.

"To Alfred Dinks!" said she, in a slow, ludicrous tone, and with her eyes sparkling with laughter. "Why, my dear aunt!"

Mrs. Dinks was overwhelmed by a sudden consciousness of bitter disappointment mingled with an exasperating conviction that she had been somehow duped. The tone was thick in which she answered.

"What is the meaning of this? Hope, are you deceiving me?"

She knew Hope was not deceiving her as well as she knew that they were sitting together in the carriage.

Hope's reply was a clear, ringing, irresistible laugh. Then she said,

"It's high time I went to balls, I see. I will go to Mrs. Brickle's. But, dear aunt, have you seriously believed such a story?"

"Do I think my son is a liar?" replied Mrs. Dinks, sardonically.

The laugh faded from Hope's face.

"Did he say so?" asked she.

"Certainly he did."

"Alfred Dinks told you I was engaged to him?"

"Alfred Dinks told me you were engaged to him."

They drove on for some time without speaking.

"What does he mean by using my name in that way?" said Hope, with the Diana look in her eyes.

"Oh! that you must settle with him," replied the other. "I'm sure I don't know."

And Field Marshal Mrs. Dinks settled herself back upon the seat and said no more, but drove on in an indescribably electrical state. Hope Wayne sat silent and erect by her side.

Poor Alfred! He was just smoking out such a choice cigar with such a choice coterie of good fellows at the Washington Hotel.

"Come, Dinks, it's your turn to settle," said one of his friends as they blew the last clouds from their cigars.

"I can't to-day; I haven't any money in my pocket; I left my purse at home, and I'm going to Boston this afternoon; but when I come back, I'll take my turn."

Poor Alfred! There was a heavier reckoning in store for him.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PERSONAL.

WE read in the *Tribune*: "Rufus Choate died at Halifax on Tuesday, the 12th instant, a few months less than sixty years old. The facts of his career are detailed in another column; but the greatness of his reputation and the splendor of his genius render his demise a fitting occasion for remark here. The name of the deceased carries its own eulogy with it. As an advocate, as an orator, his fame is National. Whatever difference of sentiment might exist between him and others, all acknowledge the lustre of his faculties and the solidity of his acquisitions. In the Senate of the United States he distinguished himself by able speeches. In the Supreme Court, as well as in inferior tribunals, he held the first rank. Thoroughly master of rhetoric, opulent to excess sometimes in the resources of language when passion and ideality were appropriate, he was severe in his style, both as a political and a legal speaker, when severity was required. His statements then were marked by the closest and plainest language. As a jury-lawyer he was without a superior, indeed without an equal, in the country. His ability to sway the stubborn twelve was proverbial, some of the most extraordinary and memorable of his oratorical points were made under these circumstances. But nationally Mr. Choate is best known by his orations. These are remarkable specimens of fine, sonorous diction, of a broad style, of superabundant and often exceedingly involved and inextricable illustration. In the use of rhetorical figures no one ventured so far as Mr. Choate; no one could maintain and bring safely to a conclusion such extended sentences. Added to the native richness of his imagination was ample scholarship. He was a Greek student as well as an indefatigable worker in English literature. The thorough finish of his training was evidenced in all he wrote. 'Style is the man;' and the style of Mr. Choate indicated the man; a rich, generous nature, a noble scope of intellectuality, an extreme degree of polish, but not at the expense of solidity. That Mr. Choate was capable of sincere and devoted friendship was evinced by his attachment to Mr. Webster. He gave way deferentially to the Expounder of the Constitution; and his words never found greater, if so great, intensity, as when pouring forth the *in memoriam* oratory over that friend."

The *Herald* says: "The friends of Hon. D. E. Sickles have learned that he and his wife are about to resume marital relations, if they had not already done so. It was rumored that he was about to sue for a divorce, but that idea has been abandoned. The families of both put their heads together, and after discussing all the *pros* and *cons* they came to the conclusion that it would be better for Mr. Sickles and his wife to live together again in peace and mutual affection, burying the past in the grave of oblivion. Both parties have agreed to this step, and it is said their love is greater than ever."

We understand that the political and personal friends of Mr. Sickles are much disappointed at this event.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

MR. RAYMOND, of the New York *Times*, had the good fortune to be present at the battle, and has written the following account of it:

"The battle commenced at a little before five o'clock in the morning—not far from sunrise. Just back of Castiglione rises a high range of hills—which projects a mile or thereabout into the plain and then breaks off toward the left into a wide expanse of smaller hills, and so into the rolling surface which makes that portion of the plain. The Austrians had taken position upon these hills, planting cannon upon those nearest to Castiglione which they could approach, as the French army was in full force in and around that little village; and had stationed their immense array all over the surrounding plain. As nearly as we can now learn the Emperor Francis-Joseph had collected here not less than 225,000 troops, and commanded them in person. His evident purpose was to make a stand here, and risk the fortunes of the war upon the hazards of the day. Napoleon promptly accepted the challenge, and commenced the attack as soon as it was light this morning, by placing cannon upon the hills still nearer to Castiglione than those held by the Austrians, and opening fire upon them on the heights beyond. He took his own stand upon the highest of these, a steep, sharp-backed ridge, which commands a magnificent view of the entire circuit of the plain, and from that point directed the entire movements of his army during the early portion of the day. The French very soon drove the enemy out of the posts they held nearest to the town, and followed them into the small villages of the plain below. The first of these was Solferino, where they had a sharp and protracted engagement. The Austrians disputed every inch of the ground, and fought here, as they did throughout the day, with the utmost desperation. They were *three times* driven out of the town, before they would *stay* out. The people of the village, moreover, took part against the French, upon whom they fired from their windows, and the French were compelled, in self-defense, to burn the town.

THE BATTLE BECOMES GENERAL.

"When they found it impossible to hold their ground any longer, they fell back, slowly and steadily, until they reached the village of Volta, which, as you will see by the map, lies directly southeast from Castiglione, and is only about a mile from the River Mincio, from which, however, it is separated by a range of hills. Upon these hills, in the rear of the town, and overlooking it completely on the south and southeast sides, the Austrians had planted very formidable batteries; and when I arrived upon the field and went at once to the height where the Emperor had stood at the opening of the engagement, but which he had left an hour before to follow his victorious troops, these batteries were blazing away upon the French who were stationed on the plain below. I was too far off to observe with any accuracy the successive steps of the action, but I could distinctly see the troops stationed upon the broad plain, and moving up in masses toward the front, where the artillery was posted, as their services were required. But as soon as they reached this point they were speedily enveloped in the smoke of the cannon, and disappeared from observation. But the general result was soon made evident by the slackening of the Austrian fire, and by the falling back of their smoke, and a corresponding advance on the part of that which rose from the French artillery, The cannonading at that point lasted for over an hour; but in precisely what direction the Austrians retreated it was not possible from the position I occupied to see. I was afraid to change it, moreover, because, although I might easily have gone more directly and closely upon the field, I could not have found any eminence upon the plain from which I could have had so sweeping and complete a view.

THE STORM.

"But the battle continued to rage all over the region northwest of a line connecting the towns of Castiglione, Solferino, and Volta. At one point after another a sharp cannonading would arise and continue for half or three-quarters of an hour—and after each successive engagement of this kind, the result became apparent in the retreat of the Austrians and the advance of the French forces. During all the early part of the day the sky had been clear and the weather hot. But clouds began to gather at about noon, and at five o'clock, while the cannonade was at its height, a tremendous thunder-storm rolled up from the northwest; the wind came first, sweeping from the parched streets an enormous cloud of dust, and was soon followed by a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by vivid lightning and rapid explosions of rattling thunder. The storm lasted for about an hour, and the cannonading, so far as we could distinguish, was suspended. Then the rain ceased, the clouds blew away, the sun shone out again, and the air was cooled and perfectly delightful. Though the cannon may have ceased for a time to take part in it, the fight had meantime gone on."

The account of the Austrian retreat, from the same pen, will be found on page 476.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The correspondent of *Galignani's Messenger* writes: "We arrived at Castiglione at six o'clock yesterday morning, and found a column of French troops engaged at half a league distance with the Austrians, commanded by their Emperor in person, and who had, it is said, promised that he would take them to dine at Milan in the evening, and on the following day drown all the Allies in the Ticino. It is unnecessary to say that the Austrian army was a most formidable one. The attack, which commenced at Solferino, near Castiglione and the Lake of Garda, and on one of the hills of the chain of the Tyrolean mountains, did not take place without material losses on the part of the French, for the two regiments—the Ninety-first and Ninety-eighth—of the line, and the Seventeenth battalion of foot chasseurs, had to contend against a force ten times superior in number, and advantageously posted on a rising ground. The French began to fall back, overcome by numbers, when the battalion of chasseurs of the Guard, and the first two regiments of Voltigeurs, forming together the First brigade of the Second division, under General Camou, came to their assistance. On seeing this reinforcement the former force rallied and rushed on the enemy, who were driven from their position. They were pursued at the point of the bayonet to the bottom of the ravine, where there was a village, where other Austrian troops were posted. The firing recommenced from the windows of the houses and from loopholes in the walls, which caused considerable losses. The Austrians were, however, at last driven out of the village, and from six or eight other strong positions which they occupied on the hills along the Lake of Garda. Several other villages were also carried. At length the French had expended all their ammunition, and had nothing left but their bayonets. They made good use of that weapon, but the enemy perceiving their situation ceased their retreat.

"Fortunately, at that time, the Zouaves arrived and supported the enemy's fire with artillery while a supply of ammunition was distributed. That being soon done, a charge was made, and the Austrians retired on the strong village of Cavriana, where they intrenched themselves in the houses and on the towers of the churches, whence they kept up a galling fire. As soon, however, as the French got on the hill on which the village is built, a horrible carnage was made among the enemy, and they were driven back on Peschiera. While the infantry of the Guard were performing those exploits on the hills, the cavalry, which had only joined during the last few days, were beating the Austrian cavalry in the plain."

THE AUSTRIAN ACCOUNT.

The following is the text of the telegraphic dispatch, published by the Vienna *Gazette:*

VERONA, *June* 25, 1859.

The Austrian army passed the Mincio on the night of the 23d, at four different points. The right wing occupied Pozzolongo, Solferino, and Cavriana; the left wing advanced on the 24th to Guidizzolo and Castelgaffredo, and forced-back on every point the enemy who opposed it. While the Austrian army was continuing its forward movement toward the Chiese, the enemy, who had in their turn assumed the offensive with all their forces, brought so considerable a number of troops that at about ten in the morning the two principal armies came into collision. The second Austrian corps, forming the right wing under the command of General Count Schlick, defended vigorously until two o'clock the points occupied on the principal line; and the first corps, commanded by General Count Wimpffen, gained ground continually on the left, toward the Chiese. About three o'clock the French directed their principal attack against Solferino, and after a combat of several hours seized that position, although heroically defended by the fifth *corps d'armée.*

Immediately after the French advanced again and attacked Cavriana, which was also valiantly defended until evening by the first corps, supported by the seventh; but eventually it was necessary to abandon that point to the French. While the engagements were going on for the possession of Solferino and Cavriana, the eighth corps advanced from Pozzolengo on the extremity of the right wing and forced back the Piedmontese troops, which it found before it; but that movement could not contribute in a decisive manner to enable us to rejoin the positions which we had lost in the centre.

On the left wing the third and ninth corps were fighting firmly, supported by the eleventh. The cavalry of reserve, collected on this wing, executed several charges with great bravery, but exceedingly heavy losses and the circumstance that, on the left wing, the first army, in consequence of an enormous display of French troops, had been stopped in its attack against the left wing of the Allies, who, with the bulk of their forces, were advancing on the centre from the neighborhood of Volta, forced the Austrian army to retreat, which movement commenced at an advanced hour in the evening, in the midst of a tremendous storm. Yesterday, during the night, Pozzolengo, Mozambano, Volta, and Goito were still occupied by the Austrian troops.

General Urban, who, both in the Hungarian campaign and in these latter times, distinguished himself as a leader of flying corps, having been appointed to the command of the fortress of Verona, has already entered on his functions.

THE WOUNDED.

Mr. Raymond writes: "Those who were more severely injured rode upon donkeys or in carts, and few were carried upon mattresses on men's shoulders. But these were mostly officers, and nearly all I saw carried in that way were so badly wounded that their recovery is scarcely possible. One had both his legs crushed by a cannon ball. Another had received a ball in his thigh, and was evidently suffering the most intense agony. Many of those whose wounds were in their legs were seated in chairs swung across a donkey—one being upon each side. Several who were thus carried, and were supported by soldiers walking by their side, were apparently unconscious, and seemed to be dying. Then would come carts, large and small, carrying three, five, and some of them ten or fifteen each. A steady stream of these ghastly victims of the battle of the day poured through the town. I stood in the crowd by the side of them as the sad procession passed along, and watched it at this point for over an hour. It was not interrupted for a moment, except now and then by a crowd of prisoners, and it continued thus from about ten in the morning, when it began to flow, until I left the street, long after dark. Every church, every large hall, every private house in the town, has been taken for the service of the wounded. Those whose injuries are slight, after having them dressed, pass at once into the ranks and mingle with their comrades. I looked into the church as I passed by. All the seats, railings, etc., had been removed; mattresses of hay had been spread upon the floor, and were completely filled with wounded men, in every stage of suffering and of peril, lying side by side. The surgeons were dressing their wounds; Sisters of Charity and other women were giving them wine, and otherwise ministering to their comfort; but morning, I am sure, will dawn upon a large proportion of them relieved forever from their pain. If any thing can be more horrible than a soldier's life, it certainly is a soldier's death.

APPEARANCE OF CASTIGLIONE.

"The town to-night, as might be expected, is simply a camp. The streets, which are narrow, are crammed with artillery and provision wagons trying, almost in vain, to make their way through the town; bivouac fires light up the orchards and fields all around the village; two streams of troops pour out on the two roads leading to the field of battle, extending as far as the eye can reach; sutlers, fruit peddlers, and small dealers of every kind, circulate among the soldiers, who crowd the streets; an immense train of Piedmontese artillery are brought to a stand in the street while trying to make their way through the town to their place of encampment; and thousands of French infantry, despairing of reaching their tents, have seated themselves upon the narrow sidewalks, and with the house-walls for a back and their haversacks for pillows, they have addressed themselves in that position to the labor of obtaining a night's rest. It is a striking scene most certainly—and the most wonderful part of it is *the perfect order and good behavior of the troops.* I have not seen during the whole day a single instance of disorder, or of even rudeness in word or deed from any soldier. Not one have I seen in the slightest degree intoxicated; not one have I seen shouting or singing; not a rough or rude remark have I seen or heard addressed to any one—nor have I failed, in a single instance, whenever I have applied to a soldier for information, or addressed him on any subject whatever, to receive a courteous reply and the most polite endeavor to aid my wishes. Nor have I heard a single cheer over the victory, or a single syllable of exultation over the prisoners as they come in. The most respectful silence has in every case been preserved. Expressions of sympathy with the wounded were constant, and prompt attention, so far as possible, was always given to their wants. Private property in the town, so far as I can see, has been treated with perfect respect. In selecting fields for the camp, those which will be injured by it least seem uniformly to be chosen. Bakers' shops, and groceries with cheese, bacon, sausages, etc., freely exposed, are open; and I have repeatedly seen soldiers bargaining for supplies at their windows. But I have heard of no instance and seen no indication of the slightest interference with private property. Yet there is no great rigor of discipline enforced; for the soldiers seem to be quite at their ease, and wander about town very much at their own discretion. But they look upon war as a business—as something to be done, like every thing else, with as little fuss and excitement as possible. So they look upon a battle, and the operations attending it—the care of the wounded, the reception of prisoners, etc.—as merely part of the regular routine—just like cleaning their muskets, or boiling their soup over their bivouac fires."

THE EMPEROR UNDER FIRE.

A letter-writer says: "The Emperor is constantly under fire. At one time he remained with a battery of artillery of the Guard, whose firing had been successful, and said to the officer in command: '*Capitaine, etes vous content?*' '*Tres content, Sire,*' replied the officer. '*J'espere que vous etes aussi content de la journee que j'en suis de ma part.*' A Cent Guard behind the Emperor had his epaulet carried away by a ball."

Another says: "The Emperor's courage amounted to the verge of rashness, electrifying the soldiers by the coolness he always displays, engaged in the thick of the contest, and merely walking his horse when he shifted his position in the midst of a shower of balls and bullets. Every one shuddered on beholding the Emperor thus exposing himself, and the soldiers, full of admiration for this boldness, nevertheless regretted it aloud. His Majesty is established since yesterday in the house which the Emperor of Austria had selected for his residence."

A third states: "The Emperor was in the midst of the fight, going from one point to the other without heeding the musketry or the cannon shot which were falling close to him. He encouraged the soldiers during the whole of the day, and that was really necessary, for the troops were exhausted with moving about from four in the morning to nine in the evening, without eating or drinking during all that time, and with a tropical heat."

AN EVENING WITH NAPOLEON.

The *Journal de Rouen* publishes the following extract from a letter from the camp at Montechiaro, dated the 23d of June, the day before the late battle:

"It was on the 17th, at Travagliato, that we entered Brescia. The Emperor had taken up his quarters at a large farm-house, inhabited by the Mayor. Just imagine a spacious yard: on the left the dwelling-house; on the right a large garden separated from the yard by a railing. The yard is crowded with traveling carriages and wagons. The Emperor's attendants and the people of this farm are passing and repassing. It is six in the evening; the Emperor comes down from his room, attended by Marshal Vaillant. The whole military household comes out and stands apart. The Emperor sits down, and a map is brought to him. Marshal Vaillant presents several papers to his Majesty. The Emperor remains alone for a moment, and rests his elbow on another chair beside him. A spy arrives and is introduced. His Majesty listens to him, but apart. A colonel is called; he gives ten Napoleons to the spy, who seems well satisfied with his pay. Marshal Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angeley arrives; the Emperor converses with him. Other generals come in. The map is called for several times. The King arrives in a carriage, and the two monarchs shake hands. Soften down a little the hectoring air which some portraits give to King Victor Emanuel, give him a very plain cavalry uniform, and you will have the portrait of Victor Emanuel. You must also darken his complexion a little, give greater distinctness to his features, so as to have the true physiognomy of a frank soldier, used to the life of camps. The Emperor and he go a little apart and converse, both making cigarettes in rapid succession. The Emperor, tired of standing, leans against the shafts of a wagon close by; the conversation is lively and long; other generals come in. The light, though now declining, is still sufficient to allow of seeing the man, who is again brought forward. At last the King left at ten o'clock, and the Emperor dismissed his household; a quarter of an hour afterward he retired to his apartment. The Emperor eats little. He sleeps more by day than by night. He works till one in the morning, and is called up again at three or four."

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS-JOSEPH TO HIS TROOPS.

The following order of the day appeared at Verona on the 18th of June:

"I to-day take the supreme command of the armies which are opposed to the enemy, and at the head of my gallant troops I will continue the struggle which Austria was obliged to begin in defense of her honor and rights.

"Soldiers! your devotion to me, and the brilliant courage you have already exhibited, are guarantees that you will, under my command, obtain those successes which our fatherland expects. FRANCIS-JOSEPH."

SHABBY CONDUCT OF THE ITALIANS.

A letter says: "The people of Castiglione have behaved most disgracefully. Most of the houses were shut up, and the inhabitants said they had nothing when asked for refreshments and wine. The French behaved with the greatest moderation, and took every refusal as if it were a fact that there was such a general want of the necessaries of life; but it is a disgrace to the place that many wounded and tired soldiers, who had gone into the action in the morning, having eaten nothing, should be refused at night even a loaf of bread, as was very often the case."

PRINCE NAPOLEON IN LUCK.

A letter of the 20th, from Prince Napoleon's head-quarters at Massa-Ducale, says: "The task of a liberator has its burdens, no doubt, its sorrows and its dangers, but it has its sweets also. Prince Napoleon reached this place on Saturday about 11 o'clock, and will leave for Sarzana to-morrow morning. By way of a genial reception the corporation of Massa has chosen a bevy of the twelve prettiest damsels of the burgher class that the town could boast; and, decked out in white robes and flowers, and elegantly dressed hair, they were sent to meet the Prince a few steps beyond the town gates. Two of the very handsomest—I do not know how they settled the difficulty of the superlative—laid hold of the 'conquering hero's' reins, the ten others ranged themselves in two lines by his stirrups, and, escorted by this fair retinue, the Commander-in-Chief was ushered in in a storm of applause loud enough to shake down the dilapidated fortress still crowning the hill above the town. Those lady grooms and lackeys would yield to no one the honor of holding the Prince's bridle and stirrups as he alighted under the lofty gateway of the mansion, once raised by the ducal house of Cibo. Not to be overdone in deeds of courtesy, Prince Napoleon offered both his arms to the two girls who seemed the leaders of their sisterhood, addressed a few words to them, which I could not catch, and, with an air of stately gallantry, which sits well on his good-humored countenance, led the way up the grand white marble staircase, and, as he stood at the door of his private apartments, he turned with a right imperial bow to the galaxy of fair attendants, and, disengaging the arms of the two he had honored with his especial attention, kissed—(tell it not in the Palais Royal!)—kissed the cheeks of both, cheeks which so high a distinction raised to the flaming color of the Prince's *kepi.*"

A LOVER OF SHOOTING.

A correspondent of the *Siécle* says that one of the best shots in Garibaldi's service is an Englishman of fifty years old, who carries a capital Lancaster rifle, and, aided by a pair of spectacles of which he stands in need, brings down every Tyrolean chasseur that he takes aim at. Somebody lately asked him whether he had been attracted to join the volunteer corps by a strong feeling for the Italian cause or by a love of sport. He answered, very coolly, "I have a great respect for Italian independence, but I am also very fond of shooting."

DISGRACE OF GYULAI.

The London *Times* correspondent writes from Vallegio of Count Gyulai in these terms:

"Count Gyulai is still here, much dispirited, and asking for a court-martial; but this the Emperor has refused, offering to the mortified pride of the unsuccessful General the honorable post of Ban of Croatia, vacant by the death of Jellachich. Count Gyulai's father was himself Ban at Agram, but the vanquished leader at Magenta refuses the honors tendered to him, and seems, like Olivarez in 'Gil Blas,' to desire the retirement of a country life. Count Gyulai, before this war, is not known to have been under fire. During the disturbances of 1848–'9 he commanded at Trieste, and the fact that that city did not join in the general outbreak was considered a proof of his tact or ability. He was for a short time Minister of War, and afterward commanded at Milan under Radetsky. He was known throughout Italy for his great severity, not only as regards the Italians, but as regards the troops under his command. The death of Radetsky placed him in the position of Commander-in-Chief, in which he was maintained very much to the damage of the true interests of the army."

HOW LONATO WAS EVACUATED.

A letter says: "It was decided that the troops commanded by General Zobel should quit Lonato on the morning of the 22d. About nine o'clock the previous evening the General was in a *café* with a number of other officers. He was in a very thoughtful mood. Some officers seated in a corner of the *café* were talking merrily together, and laughing at some adventure which one of them was relating. Zobel struck the table several times with his glass, and with such violence that it broke in pieces and cut his thumb. 'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' he cried out, in a hoarse voice, 'are you Austrians or Italians? The moment is well chosen, truly, to laugh as you are doing. One would really think that you are delighted at retreating. If you are so pleased, be at least a little decent.'

"These words were related to me textually by the master of the *café*, who understood German, and who wrote them down that he might not forget them. The officers were not very well pleased and were silent. The moment after a colonel of a cavalry regiment who had been charged to make a reconnoissance on the Calcianato road entered the *café* to report to the General the result of his mission. He stated that he had just met the advanced guard of the Piedmontese army marching on Lonato. 'And you attacked them?' said Zobel, eagerly. 'No, General,' replied the Colonel. 'That is inconceivable,' said Zobel, roughly; 'the sight of the enemy, therefore, petrified you?' 'General,' replied the Colonel, firmly, 'the Piedmontese were at least five times more numerous, and I thought it better not to sacrifice my men uselessly.' Zobel made no further remark, but placed his elbow on the table, his chin on his hand, and closed his eyes, as though he did not wish to be disturbed in his reflections. In a few minutes after he rose up hastily, like a man who had come to a sudden resolution, and left the *café*. In half an hour an order was given to the troops to prepare to march; at midnight the movement of retreat commenced, and at five o'clock in the morning not a single Austrian remained at Lonato, and the Piedmontese entered it."

CROAT BRUTALITIES.

The correspondent of the *Times* states that one of the combatants from Salo writes: "The Croats took three of our wounded, nailed them up to a tree and thrust at them with bayonets till they died—but *per Cristo,*" he adds, "it shall fare ill with the brutes in the next combat! We will not make a single prisoner; we will kill all we touch." Luckily for the intended victims Garibaldi is master of his men, but the Austrians are insane thus to infuriate the General. Already he has heavy accounts to settle with them for the infamous murders of Ciceroacchio and his two sons, who followed him in his retreat from Rome. An officer belonging to the Austrian Imperial family found them, together with four others, at Conta Uria, and ordered them to be shot. After the first volley was discharged, Ciceroacchio's youngest son, a boy of thirteen, struggled so long that the murderers had great difficulty in dispatching him with kicks and with the butt-end of their guns. That boy was loved as a son by Garibaldi, and he has sworn to avenge his death. It was to this he referred when he warned General Urban not to excite the wrath of a father, though many thought his words referred to his own son.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS BY THE AUSTRIANS.

"At the moment," says the Paris *Siécle*, "when in all the towns of France where the Austrian prisoners have arrived, they receive marks of interest, and are treated with the greatest humanity, it is stated, on undoubted authority, that during the popular commotion which lately took place at Venice several young men of the first families were shot by the Austrians, and thirty-four of them sent off to Germany, to taste the sweets of the *carcere duro* of MM. Metternich and Veuillot. This is not all. Three of Garibaldi's soldiers were shot at Verona, and it has been publicly announced that all who may be taken prisoners will experience a similar fate. It is certain that the Austrians would expose themselves to terrible reprisals if the chiefs of the Franco-Sardinian army had not given so many proofs of forbearance and moderation."

BALLOONING IN THE CAMP.

A correspondent writes: "The brothers Goddard, of aeronautic repute, who came out some time ago provided with their best apparatus, made yesterday in the afternoon their first experiment at Castelnedolo. One of them made an ascent in a small balloon to explore the position of the enemy beyond the Chiese. Having first mounted on the campanile to take the bearings, and make himself somewhat acquainted with the country, he entered his little skiff and went up in the air with a regularity which, according to those who saw the ascent, showed he was master of his eccentric conveyance. He rose to a height of from 500 to 700 yards, stopped for a minute or so, and then descended again with as much regularity as he had shown in ascending. As you remember, under Napoleon I., attempts were made to acquire information of the enemy's position by these means, but in the then state of aeronautic experience not much could be made of these efforts. Now aeronauts pretend to have succeeded in regulating the movements of their balloons with tolerable accuracy, and certainly the many successful ascents seem proof of a certain proficiency."

AN AUSTRIAN STEAMER SUNK.

The following is an extract from the letter of the *Daily News* correspondent, dated June 21: "The day before yesterday one of the Austrian steamboats which ran on the Lake of Garda had started from the opposite bank with the object of reconnoitring Garibaldi's forces at Salé. As after the action of Virle it was thought prudent to strengthen the Cacciatori delle Alpi, a Piedmontese battery was sent there with two battalions of Fanti's division. They had just arrived when the *Francis-Joseph* steamboat was ordered to steer to the Brescian side of the Garda. She therefore steamed in that direction; but at the moment she was entering the harbor of Salé the Piedmontese battery opened its fire upon her. Our guns had been so well directed that two of their round shot soon destroyed her elegant stern. Of course this was the signal for a hasty retreat, but as she was about to turn her helm a well-directed grenade fell on the middle of her deck. Two seconds afterward a tremendous explosion was heard; the grenade had made its way into the magazine, and in less than five minutes the *Francis-Joseph* was in flames. A distress signal was hoisted, but before the *Benedek* could be sent from Peschiera to help her crew she sank in the midst of the lake. Not one of the two hundred men she had on board was saved; all of them perished, either burned to death by the flames or drowned in the waters of the classic Benacus."

ATROCITIES OF THE SWISS AT PERUGIA.

The Romagna is in a state of violent ferment at the news of the German filibusters, called "Swiss Guards," being let loose on their households, in the absence of so many thousand volunteers, who would have deterred Antonelli from that sanguinary experiment.

A letter in *Le Nord* to-day from Florence (June 23) gives the number murdered in the streets of Perugia as 300, and adds that what Captain (now General!) Schmidt urges in excuse is that women poured hot oil and red charcoal on his men, and it was necessary to fling them bodily out of their own windows down on the street flags; besides, he lost two captains and ninety men shot outside the town. The walls are of immense circuit, as, before the city was usurped by Paul III., it counted 80,000 inhabitants, and even still has near 20,000. An English family of tourists fell into the hands of these "Swiss," and were robbed and outraged. These facts are also stated by the *Gazette de Cologne.* Paris papers are full of imprecations on the employment of such foreign brigands by the Church authorities, and urge that to clear Italy of Austrians requires a supplemental clearance of this mongrel horde of irresponsible, lawless, and native-landless burglars.

NARROW ESCAPE OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY.

An American gentleman, Mr. E. N. Perkins, of Boston, who arrived at Perugia from Rome on the 15th, with Mrs. Perkins and three other ladies, had a very narrow escape from the hands of the brutal soldiery, who burst into the Hôtel de France, where he was staying, shot the master of the hotel and waiter, and would most probably have murdered the travelers also, had they not been concealed by the mother of the unfortunate hotel-keeper in a dark recess leading by a secret door out of one of their bedrooms. In this suffocating hiding-place they all remained for fourteen hours, and when they at last ventured out they found that the whole hotel had been gutted, furniture and property destroyed or carried off, and that Mr. Perkins's luggage, containing money and valuable effects of many kinds, to the amount of nearly $3000, had likewise become the prey of these freebooters in uniform. The United States Minister in Rome, Mr. Stockton, has received an exact account of the occurrence from the sufferers, and is making energetic representations to the Government in order to obtain a suitable reparation.

AN UNEXPECTED CHANGE OF CARS.

A good story is told in the *Sport* newspaper. A detachment of the Austrians was sent from Peschiera by the railway to reinforce General Urban. The engineer, by accident or design, brought the train on to the quarters of the French army. The soldiers of the latter opened the doors, crying out, "Gentlemen, change carriages here for France, if you please."

WAR ITEMS.

It is reported that at Solferino nearly every officer and man of the artillery of the Imperial Guard was put *hors de combat.*

It is said that the Emperor of Austria ordered the recrossing of the Mincio in opposition to the advice of General Hess.

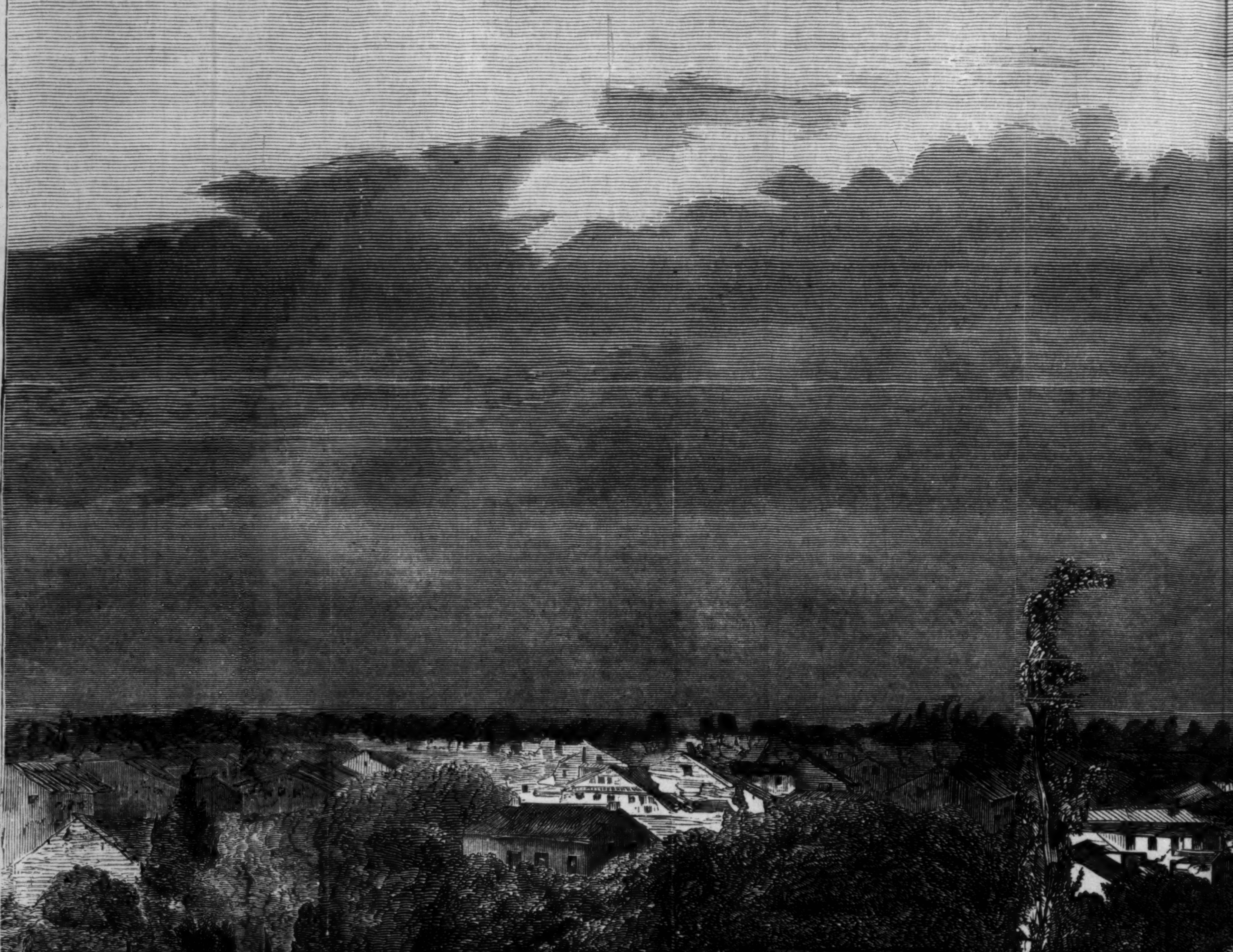
A telegraph dispatch from the seat of war says that an American named E. N. Jenkins, of Boston, with wife and three ladies, narrowly escaped being massacred at Perugia.

A vessel on the coast under the American flag had been detected off Trieste taking deserters on board after dark.

When Napoleon III. was proceeding to the cathedral at Brescia the crowd was so great that he had to clear the way by saying to the people: *Un Pó di piazza brava gente* (a little room, good people). The kindness of his manner increased the enthusiasm of the people.

The municipal body of Vienna have offered to maintain peace and order, in case it was necessary to dispatch the garrison of Vienna to the seat of war.

The people of Milan have made threatening manifestations against the Jesuits, whom public rumors accuse of keeping up a secret correspondence with Austria.



THE BATTLE OF MALEGNAN

MALEGNANO.

THE accompanying magnificent engraving of the battle of Malegnano is from a drawing by the celebrated Gustave Dore, who had before him sketches by M. Durand Brager. It is probably the finest of the war pictures which have appeared.

The battle of Malegnano was fought, as our readers will remember, on 8th June. Malegnano, or Marignan, as the French call it, is a small town ten miles east of Milan. It occupies a place in medieval history as the spot where the Guelphs and Ghibellines concluded their famous treaty in 1279. Subsequently, in 1515, it was the scene of a terrible battle between Francis the First of France and the Milanese and Swiss. At this latter fight more than 20,000 men were left on the field, and the conflict was from its desperate character called the battle of the Giants. More recently, Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers has given it fresh claims to historical note.

The story of the new battle may be briefly told. After the evacuation of Milan the Austrians took up a strong position in and around Malegnano. On the evening of 7th June the Emperor directed Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers to drive them out, and ordered Marshal MacMahon with his corps to assist in the operation. The business was quickly done, but the slaughter was terrible. The Austrians had barricaded every street, and loopholed every house; in the cemetery, especially, which is distinctly shown in our picture, they made a desperate resistance.

A newpaper correspondent, who visited the scene the next day, writes:

"The conflict had been a dreadful one in the village, and as the Austrians were behind the walls of gardens and in houses they succeeded in killing about an equal number of French as long as they remained behind cover; but once driven out of the houses they were killed in great numbers. They retreated rapidly, and as they passed out of the village they then encountered a foe not expected. One hundred and four shots were fired at them with cannon loaded with canisters containing eighty bullets. Where this occurred the Austrians are lying in heaps. They were actually mowed down, and their wounds are the most ghastly and horrid ones I have ever seen. The French lost a number of officers; and I was pained in observing among those whose bodies were being embalmed two captains in the 1st Zouaves with whom I have often dined, and for whom I felt the most lively sympathy and friendship. Poor fellows! They were both married, and my heart bled as I thought of the two poor fond wives, far away, waiting with beating hearts for news of their husbands. Alas! war is a dreadful thing, and misery and suffering are its attendants. I saw among the Austrians that were killed the bodies of one general and thirty-five superior officers. The struggle in the streets was a dreadful one, as is attested by the aspect of the houses. At the cemetery the Zouaves were forced to provide themselves with ladders and barrels or boxes, as the walls were high and the entrance barricaded. They jumped down into the interior, and soon the bayonet had done its fatal work. I must tell you of the result of a charge with the bayonet, made by a company of Hungarian Grenadiers. 'They came upon us,' said the officer of Zouaves who told me of the affair, 'in a determined manner. I ordered my men to halt, and when they were within ten feet I gave the order to fire and charge. Every man of the fated company went down before our volley, and not one of the Hungarians was alive ten minutes after.' This first attempt was a most decided failure. While I remained in the village a most painful and revolting event took place. Some Zouaves, who were attending the wounded, both Austrians and French, deposited in a house some fire-arms they had picked up in the streets. They asked the woman who lived in the place whether she knew of any Austrians being hidden in the town, as if she did, they had better surrender at once, and have their wounds attended to, besides which they were sure of good treatment. She refused to answer the soldiers, saying she knew nothing about the Austrians. She then commenced carrying the guns up stairs, saying they would be safer there. The Zouaves, who were commanded by a sergeant, then left to resume the care of the wounded, when a musket shot was heard, and the sergeant I have spoken of fell upon his face dead! He was shot through the body, the ball having entered between the shoulders. Looking hastily around, his men saw an Austrian leaving a window of the very house they had just quitted.

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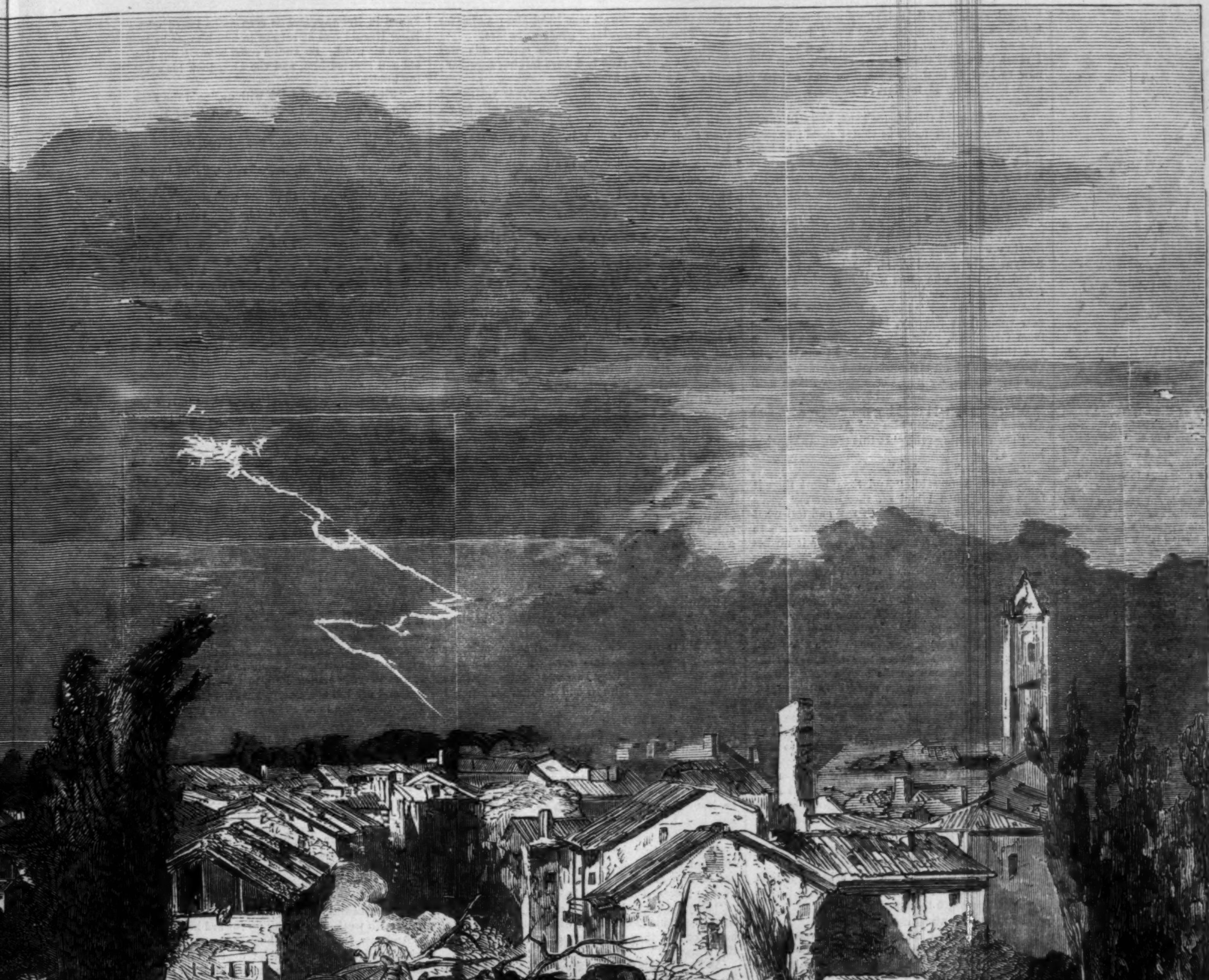


NANO, FOUGHT JUNE 8, 1859.

itted. They rushed into it, sassin was soon thrown to ers outside thrust their bay- d as I came into the street, rt of the gun, I saw the g in his last agony. The ut into the street, sentence by the assembled Zouaves, ot. This double execution around me so terrific in its egnano at once, determined for the future to keep away from the battle-fields until the wounded had been attended to and the dead buried. The prisoners will be marched off to-night to Novara."

It will be noticed that our picture represents a thunder-storm bursting on the scene. The Austrians ascribe the cessation of the battle to this incident. The official report telegraphed to Vienna says:

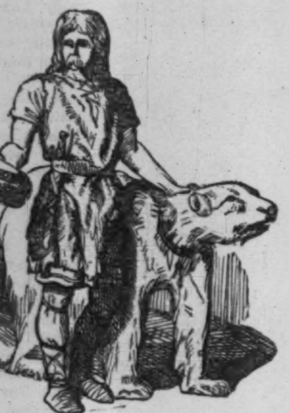
"A violent thunder-storm, and perhaps an intention to move on Pavia, induced the enemy to break off the engagement, and the division Berger continued its march toward Lodi without further molestation."

Other correspondents say: "Before attacking, a few cannon shot were fired from the bridge before the town, which the Austrians had again left standing. These latter did not reply. On this the order to advance was given, and the Zouaves, full of desire to emulate their comrades who had distinguished themselves at Palestro and Magenta, rushed on with, even for them, unusual *élan*. No resistance was met until they came to a cemetery to the left of the road, just before the entrance of the town. It is surrounded by a wall from fifteen to eighteen feet high, and covered outside with tombstones of black marble imbedded in it. The only entrance to it is a large, massive iron gate. This cemetery the enemy occupied in strength. Benches, from a little chapel which is inclosed by the wall, and ladders were placed against the inclosure to serve as a *banquette* to the defenders. In spite of these preparations the resistance on this point was not great, for already had the 10th Chasseurs, to the left, turned the position. When they arrived at the river, which, as I said before, crosses the main road, and runs to the other side of the town, they found the bridge leading over it broken. Nothing daunted by this, they jumped into the stream, and made their way through it in spite of its depth. Immediately behind the cemetery is a large farm-house, which forms the first house of the town on this side. The walls of it had been loopholed, and the windows were occupied by riflemen. This was attacked first, and carried. What follows after it was a street fight, the 1st Zouaves, supported by the 3d of the Line, on one side, and the 10th Chasseurs and the 15th of the Line on the other. Every house was strongly occupied and obstinately defended. Concealed behind the windows, the enemy, sufficiently protected, directed a murderous fire on the attacking columns. They never showed themselves for an instant in the open, but loading behind the walls, ran out and fired. In spite of this disadvantage, which occasioned a good deal of loss, one house after another was cleared of the Austrians. Just on the outskirts of the town is a large building, once a chateau, and lately used by the Austrians as a House of Correction; it stands in the midst of a square, and is surrounded by a large dry ditch. To this square a large mass of Austrians was pressed back. There is a double gateway, the outer a square tower, having evidently once been connected by a drawbridge with the inner one; now a causeway leads over it, and through this the Austrians had to make their way. They were here caught by the Zouaves, and a number of them bayoneted. Those who could get through in time ran to the garden which leads off the courtyard into the fields. A massive iron gate separates the two, and the Austrians found means to shut this. The building on all other sides is surrounded by a ditch, flanked with masonry about 15 to 20 feet high, so that there was no issue on that side. Besides, the Austrians had thrown up some earthworks in the fields facing it. But this interruption lasted only just long enough to allow another body to go round, and once in the open field, it was child's play.

"In an hour and a half the Austrians were driven out of the town, with a loss of 1000 prisoners, one gun, and at least 4000 dead and wounded."

A Milan letter relates the following episode of the battle:

"During a charge of the 1st Zouaves their commanding officer, Colonel Lummel, found himself opposed hand to hand to the colonel of an Austrian regiment. Being both on horseback, they seized each other by the body, and a tremendous struggle ensued. The Austrian officer fired his revolver, but his arm being forced up at the moment, he missed the French colonel, who in his turn fired, and shot the horse of his adversary. As the animal was falling he ran its rider through the body and killed him."



AUDUN AND HIS WHITE BEAR.

FROM THE OLD NORSE.

[The following quaint story of the adventures of an Icelander in the eleventh century is taken from the *Saga* of King Harold Sigardson. This was that Norwegian king whose hard, unyielding temper gained him the nickname of Hardrada, "*Hardrede.*" He was St. Olof's brother, after whose death he fled East to Byzantium, and became captain of the Greek Emperor's Varangians. Returning, after several years, he found Magnus, Olof's son, on the Norwegian throne, a share of which he claimed and got. At the death of his nephew he became sole King of Norway; and at last, having taken up the cause of Tostig, he fell at the battle of Stamford Bridge, in Yorkshire, in 1066, and found there those seven feet of English ground which his namesake the Anglo-Saxon Harold had promised him. Sweyn, whose bounty comes out so characteristically in the story, was that King Sweyn of Denmark who claimed the crown of England from Edward the Confessor as Canute's heir, and whose death, by falling overboard when on the eve of embarking for England to assert his right, may still be seen sculptured as one of God's judgments in the Chapel of the Confessor, at the back of the High Altar in Westminster Abbey.]

There was a man named Audun, an Icelander and Westfirther; his means were small, but his goodness was well known. This Audun once sailed from Iceland with a Norseman whose name was Thorir, but before he went he made over almost all his goods to his mother—and after all, it was not more than enough to keep her for two years. After that they put to sea with a fair breeze, and soon made Norway. Audun staid with Thorir that winter, and next summer they both sailed out to Greenland, and were there the next winter. There Audun bought a white bear, well tamed, and he gave for the beast all the money he had—for it was the greatest treasure of a bear that had ever been heard of.

Next summer they sailed back to Norway, and had a good voyage; as for Thorir, the captain, he went back to his own house, but Audun got himself a passage east to Wick in the Cattegat, and took his bear with him, and looked about for a lodging while he staid there; for he meant to make his way south to Denmark, and give the bear to King Sweyn. But just then the war and strife between King Harold and Sweyn was at its height. It happened, too, that Harold was then in the town whither Audun came, and he soon heard how an Icelander had come from Greenland with such a tame white bear. The king sent at once for Audun, so he went before the king and greeted him. The king took his words well, and asked,

"Hast thou that white bear which is such a treasure?"

"I have," said Audun.

The king said, "Wilt thou sell us the beast for the same price thou gavest for it?"

"I will not do that, lord," said Audun.

"Wilt thou," says the king, "that I give thee twice as much, and that is fairer, if indeed thou gavest for it all thy money?"

"I will not do that, lord," he said.

"Wilt thou give it me, then?" says the king.

"That, too, I will not do," says the Icelander.

"What wilt thou do with it, then?" said the king.

Audun answers: "What I have already made up my mind to do: go south to Denmark and give it to King Sweyn."

Then King Harold said, "Is it now that thou art so ignorant a man that thou hast not heard of all this war and strife which is between the lands here, or dost thou think thy luck so great that thou wilt be able to bring this treasure to King Sweyn when others can not get to his land without trouble, even when need forces them to go?"

Audun answers: "Lord, this now lies in your power, but I will say yes to no other way than the one I have already spoken of, and made up my mind to follow."

Then the king said, "I see no reason why thou shouldst not go as thou pleasest; but I make this bargain, that thou comest here to me when thou gettest back, and tell me how King Sweyn rewarded thee for the beast. Maybe thou art a man of luck."

"I'll give you my word to do that," said Audun. And away he went, and got a passage south to Denmark. But when he got there every penny of his money was spent, and he had to beg for food both for his bear and himself. So he went to a bailiff of the king, whose name was Auki, and begged him to get him some food, that he might feed himself and the bear, which he meant to give King Sweyn.

Auki answers: "I will sell thee food, if thou wilt."

"I have nothing to give for it now," said Audun; "but I would be glad to hit upon some way of bringing the beast to the king, for it were a great scathe if so precious a thing were to die on my hands."

Auki said, "Ye'll both of ye need much food before ye get to the king. And now I'll make you this offer: I will feed ye both till then, but then I must have half the beast; and what thou hast now to look at is this—that thou wilt not have even half of it if it starves to death on your hands."

Audun thought this choice hard, but still could see nothing better for it as things stood; so they struck a bargain, and he agreed to sell Auki half the bear, on condition that they started for where the king was at once, and should reckon the worth on both sides, first on the food which Auki gave him, and then of the beast; and that Auki should pay Audun so much as was over, if the king thought half the bear worth more than the food. So they went, both of them, till they found King Sweyn. He greeted Auki, the bailiff, well, but asked the man who came with him who he was, for he did not know him.

Audun answers: "I am a man from Iceland, new come from Norway, but before that I came from Greenland. My errand hither was to give you this white bear, which I bought out there in Greenland with all my goods; but a great change has befallen me, for now I own no more than half the beast."

After that he told the king the whole story, and all that passed between him and Auki.

"Then the king said, "Is this true, Auki, what he says?"

"True it is," says Auki.

Then the king said, "And thoughtest thou it fell to thee, when I had set thee over my goods and given thee great place, to tax and toll what an outlander and a stranger had undertaken to bring me as a treasure—who gave for it all his goods; and that, too, when our greatest foes thought it good to let him go on his way in peace? Think, now, how truthless it was in thee to do such a thing, and see what a great difference there is between thee and Harold, when he gave him safe-conduct. And now it were meet thou shouldst lose, not only all thy goods, but thy life also; and though I will not slay thee this time, still thou shalt go away at once on the spot a beggar from my realm, and never come more unto my sight. But for thee, Icelander, as thou hast given me the whole of the beast, and that worth far more than the food which Auki sold, but which he ought to have given thee, I accept it, and ask thee to stay here with me."

Then Audun thanked the king for his words and invitation, and staid there a while; but Auki went away unhappy, and lost great goods, because he coveted that which did not belong to him.

Audun had only been with King Sweyn a little while when he said he was eager to go away. The king was rather slow in answering him.

"What wilt thou do, then," he asked, "if thou wilt not be with us?"

"I will go south to Rome," he says.

Then the king said,

"Hadst thou not taken such good counsel, I had been very angry at thy eagerness to go away, but now thou shalt not be thwarted in the least."

So the king gave him much silver, and settled all about his journey, and put him in the way of going in company with other pilgrims, and bade him to come to see him when he came back.

So Audun went south; but when he was coming back he took a great sickness, and lay long abed. All the money was spent which Sweyn had given him, and his companions went on and left him. At last he rose from his sickness, and was quite thin and weak, nor had he a penny to buy food. Then he took a beggar's wandering, and went along begging his food, till he came back to Denmark about Easter, to a town where King Sweyn happened to be. By this time Audun had his hair close cropped, and scarce a rag to his back, vile and poor in every way; and so he dared not show himself among the throng of men. He hung about the cloisters of the church, and thought to choose his time to meet the king when he went to Nones; but when he saw the king coming, and his train so bravely dressed, he was ashamed to show himself before their eyes. But when the king had sat down to the board, Audun went and took his meat outside under the wall of the hall, as is pilgrims' wont, so long as they have not thrown away staff and scrip. And now he made up his mind to throw himself in the king's way as he went to even-song; but, so bold as this seemed to him earlier in the day, just half as bold again must he have been to let the king see him now that they had well drunk. So, when Audun saw them coming, he turned short off and ran away to hide himself. But the king thought he caught a glimpse of a man, and as he came out of church, and all his train had come inside their lodging, he turned round and went out again, and called out with a loud voice, as soon as he was out of doors,

"If there be any man near here, as methinks there is, who wishes to see me, and has hardly heart to do so, let him come forward now and let himself be seen."

Then Audun came forward, and fell at the king's feet. The king knew him at once, and took him by the hand and bade him welcome.

"And now," he says, "thou art greatly changed since we saw one another last, for I scarce knew thee!"

So the king led him into the hall there and then; but all the king's train laughed at Audun as soon as they saw him. But the king said,

"Ye have no need to laugh at him, vile and mean though he seems to ye to look on; he hath looked better for his soul's health than ye, and therefore to God's eye he will seem bright and fair."

Then the king made them get ready a bath, and waited on him with his own hands, and gave him afterward good clothes, and made much of him in every way. So Audun soon got back his strength and health, for he was young in years, and there he staid a while. He knew, too, how to behave himself among the crowd of men; he was an easy-tempered, word-weighing man, and not given to gossip. So all men liked him; and as for King Sweyn, he was most gracious to him.

So it fell out one day, when spring-tide was drawing on, that they two were talking together; and all at once the king said,

"Sooth to say, Audun, I have never yet repaid thee in a way thou wouldest like, by a gift in return for the white bear. And now, if thou wilt, thou shalt be free to stay long here with me, and I will make thee my henchman; and, at the same time, treat thee honorably in all things."

Audun answers, "God thank you, lord, for your generous offer, and for all the honor you show me; but I have set my heart on sailing out to Iceland."

"This seems to me a most wonderful choice," said the king.

Then Audun said, "I can't bear to think that I am sitting here with you in great honor and happiness, while my mother tramps about on the beggar's path out yonder in Iceland; for now the time is up during which I gave her means to live, before I sailed away from home."

"Spoken like a good man and true," answers the king; "and no doubt thou wilt be a man of luck. This was the only thing which would not have misliked me, if thou hadst asked leave to go away. But now stay here a while with me, till the ships are being got ready."

So Audun staid. But one day, when the spring was near at hand, King Sweyn went down from the town to the landing-place, and then they saw men busy fitting out their ships for various lands: East to Russia, or to Saxony, to Sweden, or to Norway. So Audun and the king came to a fair ship, and men were hard at work on her: she was a merchantman of fine size.

Then the king said, "What thinkest thou, Audun, of this ship?"

He said, "She was fine enough."

"Now," said the king, "I will repay thee for the bear, and give thee this ship with a full lading of all that I know is handiest in Iceland."

Audun thanked the king as well as he could, for this gift; but when time went on, and the ship was ready for sea, they two went down again to the strand—King Sweyn and Audun. Then the king spoke:

"Since thou wilt go away from me, Icelander, nothing shall now be done to hinder thee; but I have heard tell that your land is ill off for havens, and that there are great shoals and risks for ships; and now, if things do not turn out well, it may be that thy ship goes to pieces, and thy lading will be lost; little then will be left to show that thou hast met King Sweyn, and given him a thing of great price."

As he said this the king put into his hand a big leathern bag full of silver, and said, "Thou wilt not be now altogether penniless, though thy ship goes to pieces, if thou only holdest this."

"Maybe, too," the king went on to say, "that thou losest this money also, what good will it then have been to thee that thou gavest King Sweyn thy treasure?"

As he said this the king drew a ring of gold from his arm, and gave it to Audun; that was a thing of costly price, and the king went on:

"Though things go so ill that thy ship goes to pieces, and all thy goods and money be lost, still thou wilt not be penniless, if thou comest to land with this ring, for it is often the wont of men to bear their gold about them when they are in risk of shipwreck, and so it will be seen that thou hast met King Sweyn Wolfson, if thou holdest fast the ring, though thou losest the rest of thy goods. And now I will give thee this bit of advice, never to part with this ring, for I wish thee to enjoy it to the uttermost, unless thou thinkest thyself bound to repay so much goodness to some great man as to deem it right that thou shouldst give him a great treasure. When thou findest such a one give him the ring, for it is worth a great man's while to own it; and now farewell, and luck follow thy voyage." That was what King Sweyn said.

After that Audun put to sea, and ran into a haven in Norway, and as soon as he heard where King Harold was he set out to find him, as he had given his word. So Audun came before King Harold and greeted him, and the king took his greeting kindly.

"Sit here now and drink with us," said the king.

So Audun sat and drank. Then King Harold asked,

"Well, how did King Sweyn repay thee for the white bear?"

"In that wise, lord," says Audun, "that he took it when I gave it."

"In that wise I had repaid thee myself," says the king. "What more did he give thee?"

"He gave me silver to go south."

The king answers, "King Sweyn has given many a man before now silver to go south, or to help his need, though he had not brought him things of price. What hast thou more to say?"

"He asked me," answers Audun, "to become his henchman, and to give me great honor if I staid with him."

"That was well spoken," says the king; "but he must have repaid thee with more still."

Audun said, "He gave me a big merchantman, full laden with the best of freight."

"That was a noble gift," says the king; "but I would have given thee as much; or did he give thee any thing more?"

Audun answers, "He gave me, besides, a leathern bag full of silver, and said I would not then be penniless if I held fast to it, though my ship went to pieces off Iceland."

"That was nobly thought of," answers the king, "and that I would not have done. I should have thought myself free if I had given thee ship and lading. Gave he ought besides?"

"Yes, lord, he did," says Audun: "he gave me this ring which I have on my arm, and said it might so happen that I lost all my goods and the ship too, and yet, he said, I should not be penniless if I still had the ring. He bade me also not to part with the ring unless I thought that I owed so much to some great man for his goodness that I ought to give it him; but now I have found that man, for it was in your choice, lord, to take my bear from me, and my life too, but you let me go in peace to Denmark when no one else could get thither."

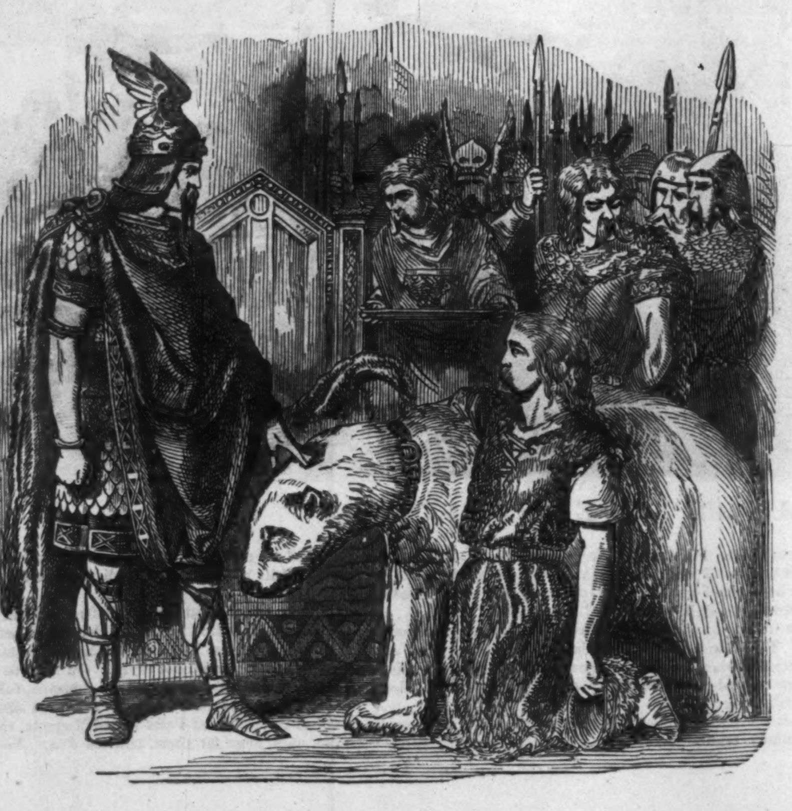
The king took the ring blithely, and gave Audun good gifts in return before they parted. So Audun sailed to Iceland that very summer, and all thought him the luckiest of men.

AN EVENING AT A MILAN CAFE.

I got to Milan, through fat dark plains, starry with fire-flies, and through a night air hoarse with frogs. As the diligence swept into Milan through clouds of powdery white dust, I caught, on my way to the hotel, moonlight glimpses of the great white marble cathedral, with its pinnacles fine as so much goldsmith work, stretching up toward heaven. . . .

And now, from the dark hush of the outer square, with its sky full of all violet depths of dimness, and spangled thick as the imperial robe of Charlemagne with jewel stars, I turned into the Caffè (always double f in Italian) del Duomo, in the great square of the cathedral. The place was full of Austrian officers in their spotless white uniforms, faced and turned down with mazarine blue and cherry color, their heavy steel-sheathed cavalry swords, tasseled and knotted with white pipe-clayed leather, rested on chairs, hung near them on the wall beside their cocked-hats, or clashed as they moved insolently along the white-and-black tiled floor of the café. It was a wonderful change from the darkness and almost mournful hush of the outer square, roofed by the black blue sky, where the white marble Duomo showed only by ghastly glimmers through the darkness.

I threw myself on a long settee that lined the wall, within convenient reach of the little immovable round marble table on which some empty coffee-cups stood, and fell to study the Milanese. I soon forgot the outer darkness, where the great



white shrine of marble, pale and wan, heaped up its little clear-cut casket pinnacles, fine-leafed and sharp, unto the lingering stars, that seemed to burn like angels' watch-fires on their highest cresting peaks, and plunged myself, with the relish and abandonment of a traveler courting forgetfulness and pleasure, in the maze of crystaled lights that the great mirrors on the walls echoed and repeated till they seemed to lengthen into avenues and corridors of yellow lamps, repeating, too, the white uniforms, and the plumed hats, and the fair flaxen mustaches, and the swords and the mazarines and cherry colors, till the place seemed the banquet-hall of the whole white-coated Austrian army: the waiters who moved about among the crowd standing for orderlies or aid-de-camps. Glimpses of side rooms showed groups of patient subalterns with small ground-plans of black-and-white dominoes before them, and each with his small redoubt of conquered pieces thrown up behind his line of battle; and from other door-ways leading into inner rooms I heard the roll and clashing dry rattle the red and white balls on the green cloth, luminous in the orbing lamplight.

It was some time before my pleased eye could take in the various elements of this animated scene; but, as my eye grew calmer, I found that the occupants of this café—like all the Milanese Cafés I had seen—could easily be divided into three sections: Austrian officers, Milanese citizens, and the landlord (the padrone) and his busy staff of waiters.

There—at a sort of idealized bar built up with ice tins, massy coffee cups, trays for change, lemonade bottles, little receptacles for the sugar, and silvery clear tumblers of water, which the Italians drink to correct the biliousness and heat of coffee—sat the landlord, playing legerdemain tricks with silver coins, hauling in and dealing out copper change; and there were the waiters in perpetual ebb and flow, bringing in empty cups, or loading trays with smoking cupfuls for some expectant sour-faced Austrian captain. The padrone looked like a male Fortune, distributing gifts and favors, as he tore asunder rolls, or filled up small decanters of clarety Chiavenna wine. The Milanese citizens there was no mistaking, with their gay, flippant, uneasy manner, and dark pale faces, rather effeminate in character. Each had his little paper flag or newspaper fastened to a strop handle; each his smoking fragrant coffee cup, tray of sugar, and tumbler of water. Some, on their marble circles, were excavating the strawberry ice's melting rose; some discoursed with frivolous enthusiasm about the last song or the opera; others, with bows of greeting or departing, courteously meant for the entire company, worked in and out the swinging door.

But in all the Milanese I saw one predominant, irrestrainable feeling of alarm, distrust, and concealed hatred for their conquerors. They sat away from the officers; who eyed them with contemptuous defiance, which, though only conveyed by the eyes, was as insolent as if a sword-hilt had been touched, or a pistol cocked. Yes, here I was seeing the old story—the old quarrel from the old cause—the injured hating because they were injured, the injurer hating because he knew that he was hated. Here were the Saxon and Norman, the Russian and Circassian, the Tartar and the Chinaman, over again. Let a drunken man shout a word and death in a moment would be in our midst. There was not a gesture or motion of either the black-coated Milanese or the white-clad Austrians but was significant of hatred. If the glass door opened and an itinerant blind guitar-player came in, led by a ragged boy, and groped about each of the tables for alms—for "qualchecosa," for "the little money," for "the very small money for the love of Heaven," the surly Austrians would go on in their knots of guard-room talk and pay no heed to the old man's misery, unless some young curled darling of the Vienna drawing-rooms might pull down his great trailing flaxen mustaches and throw a curse—a "Potztausend" or "Henker"—at the old gray head; or a fat general, padded and stiff with pride and insolence, twist round his ponderous steel sword, so that it flapped against the beggar and warned him off; and as sure as this happened, when the old man, completing his itinerary, reached the Milanese tables, he would be received with words of kindness and sympathy, and trays of change would be poured into his hat, with a kindly "God be with you!" If an Italian accidentally knocked a sugar-tray off his table, or clashed a spoon unseemingly loud, or kept a paper too long, there were instantly a dozen fierce Austrian eyes turned devouringly upon him; not for long, for that would have implied interest, but with a hasty, insolent, martinet scornfulness that seemed to augur danger to the citizen whom insult or threat could goad into a duel or into some overt act of rebellion.

Nor were the Italians one whit behind in demonstrating their scorn and hatred for the Tedesci—the Goths. If a white-coat entered with a more than usual swagger, or with any tendency to vinous gayety, there was no defying laugh, or hiss, or circulating joke. Still the Italian heads would certainly bend closer together, and when the heads separated, there was a very malign and vexatious smile on the features of them all. If an Austrian dropped his hat, or swept off a glass with his heavy white gloves, out came the stinging smile again. On neither side was there an absence of restraint, though the Austrians bore the surveillance defiantly, the Italians apprehensively. The landlord inclined to neither party; but, perhaps, on the whole, he was a little too obsequious to that truculent, heavy-jawed Austrian general, alone at the table to the left, balancing his spoon on the edge of his thick white coffee-cup; from which a soft fragrant steam rose like the smoke from a gun around his close iron-gray hair, and lined and stubborn brow.

My eyes had nearly worked through every covert in the room, when I heard a stern cough—a severe, martinet's cough—drowning for a moment the waiters' high-pitched, mechanical, abbreviated cries to the idealized bar of "Una tazz', col lat!" "Caffè nero, Numero Tre!" "Una tazz'!"—I found it proceeded from a cruel-looking, hard-featured Austrian general, sitting by himself as "Numero Due," in a quiet corner lying at my back. It required no great discernment to see that he was an officer in high command, for there was a buzz among the subalterns as he entered; and now, as I turned again to look at him, I saw a private soldier go up to him and deliver him an official-looking sealed packet.

"Some Italian fellow's death-warrant," said a young officer near me, who, chalking the end of a cue, had just come in from the adjacent billiard-room to exchange a joke and chat with a friend of another regiment who was laughing, with two or three more flaxen-haired Austrians, over the Scala play-bill.

"Look how he signs the beast's dismissal to heaven," said the theatre-goer, turning round toward the general.

The general, who had called for pen and ink, was signing his name slowly, a letter at a time, with sips of his coffee and a petit doigt of cognac between each stroke. The fact was, this thick-headed tyrant of the messroom, who was now with such nonchalance signing the death-warrant of a poor Italian, had been promoted from the ranks for his severities in Hungary, and could not write with any very great facility. The Italians scowled when they saw him write, for the rumor had gone round the café that poor Luigi was to be shot to-morrow at ten o'clock in the Piazza della Fontana. The general, who did not do things without a reason, had probably some motive, known only to his own dark, stern mind, in thus insultingly and openly signing this death-warrant of a brave man. The neatly-dressed citizens in black, with their varnished boots, spotless gloves, twirling canes, and paper flags, grew more silent than ever, and talked in even a lower whisper.

Yet, now and then, a tongue more daring than the rest would shoot out as if merely at some waiter's carelessness; or one, biting his red lip white, would call angrily to the waiter for some chocolate, with a voice that seemed to want the accompaniment of a blow to give it full effect. I knew well all these symptoms of suppressed rage, being of a smouldering nature myself.

Besides, did I not know that in this very city, not more than a year or two before, the streets, the wide squares—such free breathing-places for bloody whirlwinds of grape-shot—the shady, narrow defiles of streets—such snug passes for barricades of riflemen—had been swilled with Austrian and Italian blood, meeting and uniting after death? Had I not been shown the quiet little street with the grated windows, looking so peaceful and calm in half sunshine half shadow, where, but a few short months before, there had been a belching volcano of fire, the delicate, tender women throwing their children out of their arms to drag out their very pianos and harps on the heads of the cruel Austrian soldiers? Had not these white-coats fired at the crowds in churches, chopped down inoffensive children, bayoneted old men, murdered women with lacerating whips: in a word, committed all the cruelties of the old Croat and the modern Cossack? Had not the very streets outside echoed with their bullying cannon, and the insolent trample of the horses of their hussars? Had not these quiet, subtly-feeling Italians—so passionate in love and hate, so retentive of kindness, of injury, with such a great past behind them to rouse their rage, and such a great possible future before them to excite their hope—had they not had fathers shot, and mothers cleft down, and children piked, and brothers trodden to bloody mud, by the very men in white who sat yonder with all the defying pride of conquerors, sipping their coffee and burning away their reed cigars with all the idle luxury of soldiers resting from their toil of blood? Why, I could see now in every face a smile of pleasure at the vexation the coming fate of the Milan patriot Luigi seemed to give the loungers in the café of the Cathedral Square. Every now and then the constraint of silence, so deep that you might almost hear the gray ash of the cigar fall, and that the spirt of a match sounded in it like the click of a rifle, was broken by some handsome young Austrian hussar sweeping his fingers through the great curving flaxen mustache, which, soft and golden, swept up nearly to his cheek-bone, and hoarsely whispering, with a husky laugh, something about the "verdammter spitzbube," by which I knew he meant Luigi, even if he had not, as he spoke, given a sneering and sweeping look down the opposite row of sullen Italian faces, across whose brows you could see the glance passing, as if it was a sabre-slash and had left a wound.

I was thinking of leaving Milan, being off to Verona on the morrow to meet the celebrated Two Gentlemen; I was, on my way, to call upon Shylock in Venice, and Petruchio in learned Padua, hoping to get round by Milton's Vallombrosa, and not to leave Italy without seeing poor Keats's grave, out by the walls near the old Appian Way at Rome. I had stared till my eyes were tired, the café was getting blue and vapory with smoke, and I felt so anti-Austrian that I longed to get to my quiet hotel bedroom, and there spout Smollett's fine Ode to Liberty, and rail at the Austrians at my ease, when, glancing into an angle of the room to the left of the general, in the nook formed by the entrance to the billiard-room, perhaps the quietest and least obtrusive spot in the whole café,

"I saw a face—"

Such a face! Good God! what a living open-air Hell Earth must be to some men!—to men who walk with graves gaping round them, to whom every wall is a mosaic of tombstones, to whom the sun seems black, and flowers and blue sky are hateful, and loving women and tender angel children are things to shake the fist at, in the hopelessness and bitterness of unchanging misery and despair! This was the face of such a purgatorial man—a living heart dumb: his eyes were rayless; his pale, bloodless lips were clenched together immovably, like those of a strong, stoical man under the surgeon's knife; no part of his waxen face moved but his eyes—his eyes! shall I ever forget them? His restless, bloodshot eyes, that swept over the room and prowled about suspiciously round every head: angrily on this one, indifferently on the other: but at last ever coming and focussing down with basilisk, burning-glass power, on the same spot, the spot where the Austrian general sat writing, by the second lamp to the left, where a waiter, new to the place, with frightened hurry, was watching, as he pretended to hover round the next unoccupied table, wiping away a recent coffee-stain and some gray cigar-ash, and bowing to the ground as he chanced to tread on the general's sweeping white cloak lined with red—a condescension for which the satrap repaid him with a stabbing look which contained the venom and cruelty of ten courts-martial.

The general had finished his dispatch to Vienna, probably describing with cold official exultation the successful arrest of the ringleaders of the thirty-fourth conspiracy in Milan that year; he had with a flare and melting-blot duly sealed the imposing document with a heavy, black, sepulchral seal, when an officer, stepping with a bow from the next table, advanced and took the dispatch, and as he took it, turned to the corner where the mysterious man I have mentioned sat, and pointed him out with his white glove to his commanding officer. I was so near that I could hear what he said:

"General Hassenpflug, that miserable dog you see there in the corner is the brother of the rogue we shoot to-morrow."

"Indeed," said the general, smiling condescendingly, and twirling the glove he had not yet put on by one finger. He then tapped his shelving gray brew, bit his glove, and whispered to the orderly, who, taking off his shako, passed round the tables, and, with a whisper, handed it, as if for some charitable collection, to the various groups of officers. Some laughed, and threw in a cigar or a libretto-book; others tossed in half a dozen lire; one gave two gold pieces; others three or four silver crowns. The orderly bowed as each put in his contribution, and brought the jingling hatful back to the general, who, humming "Buona Sera," the good-night song from the Barber of Seville, waited, beating time with his foot impatiently. I could see that he detected the character of every contributor by the alms, and by the manner in which it was given; I could see the sneer and smile alternating light and shadow in his face. He did not change a muscle as the orderly brought him the hat, but he quietly lighted a cigar with a match that shed an orange glow on his fingers, and then, turning to the orderly, ran his hand through the money contemptuously, dropping the handful he raised back into the hat. His face seemed to say, "This is, perhaps, a foolish bit of charity of mine, and is rather hard on the young subs, who have given a quarter's pay to win my good-will; but perhaps it is well saved from billiards, vingt-et-un, taverns, and lorettes." He beckoned the orderly with his finger.

The orderly came, he whispered in his ear. The orderly instantly stepped forward in a dignified way, to show that he was not accustomed to run errands, and asking the waiter for a handkerchief, poured the coins into it, then, without knotting the ends, simply griped them together; and now with every eye in the room, including the imperturbable general's, on him, he advanced to the poor Italian in the corner, who lay heedless of every thing, with his head on the table hid in his cloaked hands, and with a few curt military words that did not reach my ear, flung down the money before him on the table. He could not have said with clearer contempt, "This is an alms," if he had struck the man as he gave it.

In the hush that followed this unusual act of generosity in the general (the general, by-the-by, gave nothing), I could hear the landlord say to his head-waiter:

"Poor Giacomo, this Austrian money will be useful to him; for all the family farm was confiscated when Luigi was found guilty."

The man did not lift up his head. He must be asleep.

"Wake him!" said the general, gruffly, as if he was giving orders to fire a battery.

The orderly shook him. That moment, sudden as a fire, the man leaped up, and with demoniac rage, flung the money on the floor. How he stamped on it, spitting as he stamped! Then kicking, so that the money flew in a running and rolling mass about the room, clicking against sword-sheaths, or jarring against iron-legged tables, he sat down as before, gazing vacantly at the opposite wall. There was a buzz of angry voices, and one or two swords were half drawn; but the colonel, waving them back, advanced alone toward him. There was a dangerous revulsion from vacancy to a deadly serpentine intelligence in the eyes of the Italian as he advanced. It seemed to me that he could with difficulty restrain himself from rushing forward and stabbing the Austrian; but he only bit his lip harder than ever, and waited for his arrival, rolling himself up in his cloak.

"Gentlemen, silence," cried the colonel; "this is a case for the hospital, not for the guard-room." Then (advancing and laying his glove on the shoulder of Luigi's brother) he added, in a rough whisper, that passed through the whole room, "We have our eyes upon you. Take care!"

The man spurned his shoulder from him. The colonel merely smiled cruelly, paid his reckoning, and strode to the door. "These," thought I, "are the fruits of oppression. These are the crimson blossoms of one bad man's ambition." At that moment, as the colonel's thick-gloved hand touched the brass knob of the door, a distant but swift growing crescendo of military music made us all forget the sullen Italian, and drew our attention to the Cathedral square.

Every night those hated white coats defiled through the conquered city of the Viscontis and of Leonardo da Vinci, with drums and music, and great gilded lanterns borne on poles, and half a mile of glittering, slanting bayonets—half a mile of bronzed, defying faces, knowing they were scowled at and hated—half a mile of drilled Austrians, with flaxen mustaches and white coats. First down the side street by the cathedral a spot of white and yellow—then dashes of red feathers or flowing flags lighted by swinging lights—then a racing mob, widening, widening to broad lines of stern white men, with a bristling roof of bayonets, marching defiantly, with that peculiar rigidity and stern forward look that is so insulting and so self-conscious.

I went home as the colonel took horse at the door for his suburban barracks, and, just as the procession faded away down a side street, playing a beautiful fairy waltz by Strauss, I get my key from the porter, undressed quickly, said a short prayer for England, and threw myself under my gauzy counterpane. I fell down into a dream as into a well. I fancied myself in a cathedral, strewn with kneeling Italians, bowed before the cross under the colored shade of those giant windows of the Duomo. Suddenly the priests threw off their cloth-of-gold robes and appeared as Austrian generals, the chorister boys with the censers were as quickly transformed to drummers, muskets were handed over from behind the great silver cross and jeweled altar, and the slaughter began. The people rushed to the doors; the bullets plowed through them; then a darkness rose, and a chilling, stifling dread mingled with my dreams—a sense of rage, and yet more of fear, of struggle, of dread and apprehension. My heart beats so loud I can hear nothing else—beat—beat—it pulses like a parchment drum. It comes upon me—there are drums somewhere below. The windows are open—it is an early review. I look at my watch on the table—just six. I rise—drums nearer. I throw back the green Venetian blinds—the sun pours in as I look out over the balcony. Austrian drums!—here they come! A great shining slant of glistening bayonets and white coats defile past.

I ring the bell; I hear my boots clumped down outside, and call the waiter.

"What are these drums?"

"Austrian demonstration," he says, "signor mio. Terrible news. General Hassenpflug was found last night, at about eleven and a half, just outside the Porta Vercellina, on the road to his Vercelli villa, stark dead, shot through the heart, and on the white vineyard wall, over his battered head, was written by a bloody finger, Viva l'Italia!"—Immediately I thought of those watchful eyes. I dressed, and thought.

When I came down stairs into the coffee-room, I asked the waiter, who was tripping about adjusting the breakfast-tables, if there were any suspicion of the murderer, and if he knew at what hour the murder was committed.

"They say, signor mio, that the murderer is the brother of Luigi who was shot this morning at six; I believe the body was found at a quarter past eleven."

I had left the café at ten.

It was last December, about Christmas-time. I had plunged again into the vortex of City business, and had almost forgotten Milan. One night, when I returned to my country house near London, a policeman came to tell me that a poor Italian musician had just been found frozen to death in one of my field sheds.

I went with the policeman till we reached the shed. He led me in, and, holding his bull's-eye to the head of the dead man, showed me a shrunk, worn face, that I recognized as Giacomo's—the face I never could forget.

"And the curious thing which is, Sir," said the policeman, lighting me out again to the back of the shed, "that we found him, as if asleep, outside in the snow, just where I stand. He had written some foreign words on the snow, that you still may be able to read, if you know foreign languages, for I took care not to draw the corpse over them. Here, where my light is, Sir."

I looked down and read—

"Viva l'Italia!"

It was of course a mere coincidence the poor man coming to my field to die, but still it was strange—coincidences *are* strange. *Viva l'Italia!* Poor fellow!

A MONSTER GRIEF.

"The Court will go into mourning for the late King of Naples for ten days, commencing on Thursday next, the 9th instant."—*London Court Circular.*

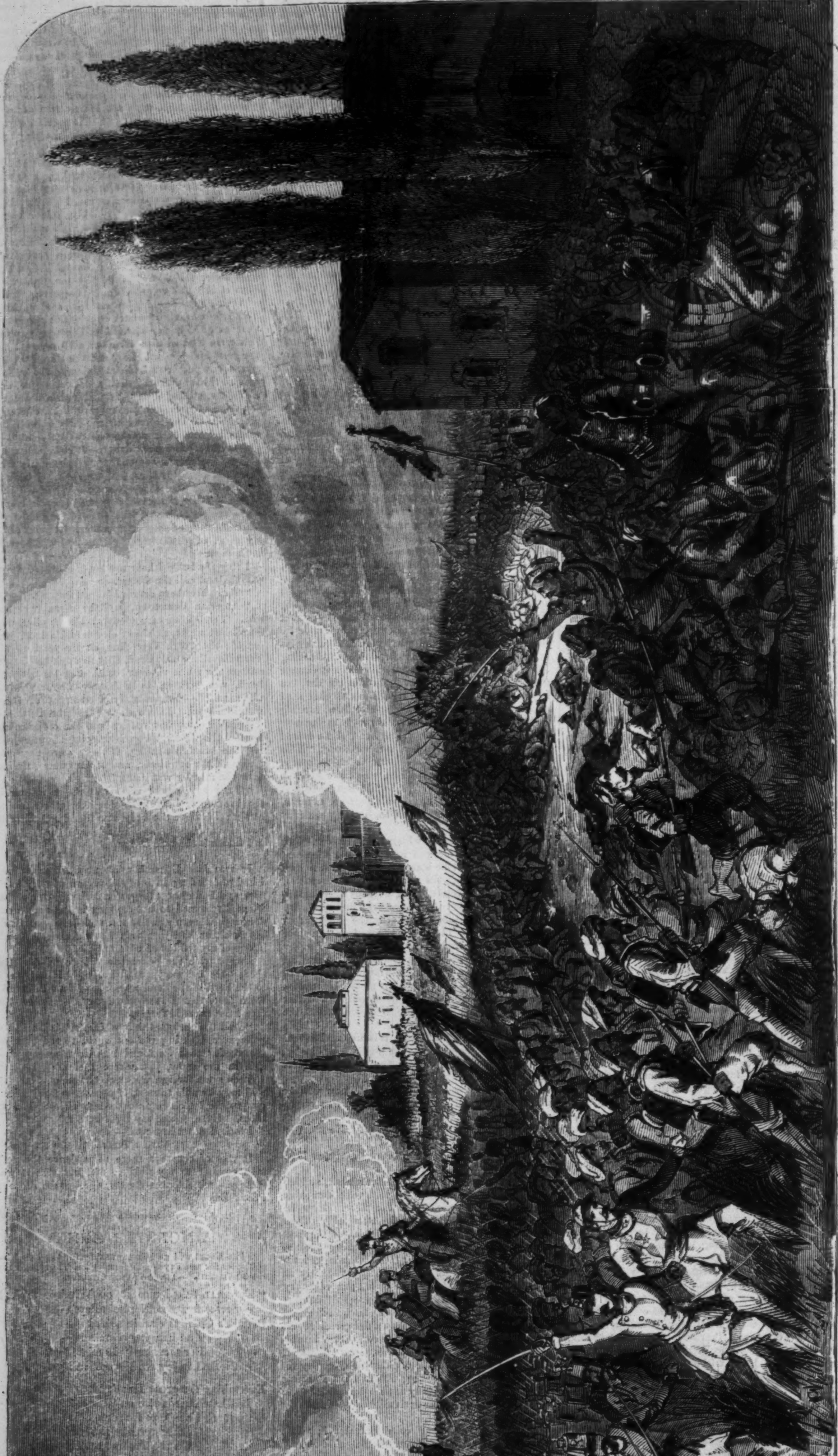
"Funeral baked meats" on Windsor tables!
—Secret feasts in Naples' alleys—
Britain's Court is clad in sables
And hangings sombre
For monster "Bomba!"
—Clothed in joy are Naples' valleys.

Entombing the great Humboldt
Did hatchments rise on palaces?
Oh no! *they* are kept for some dolt
Or monster like Bomba!
Then the Thames and Humber
Are shamed by tears in royal chalices!

Domitians, Caligulas, Neros
May refuge seek in old fables:
Honorable were they, and heroes
Beside this Bomba,
Who, dead, would cumber
Such ground as supports Windsor gables!

Speak: blushing Muse of History
Say: when shall courtly etiquette
And diplomatic mystery
Distinguish from human lumber
Like this leprous monster Bomba,
The Great-Good who pay nature's debt?

New York City, *June*, 1859.



A ZOUAVE CHARGE ON THE BANK OF THE MINCIO.

A ZOUAVE CHARGE AT SOLFERINO.

THE accompanying engraving, which represents a charge of Zouaves upon the flank of an Austrian column, will enable our readers to realize the terrible scenes which are of daily occurrence during the present war in Italy.

It may not be inappropriate to give in this place the following extract from a letter of the Hon. H. J. Raymond, of this city, who was, by good fortune, an eye-witness of the great battle of Solferino. Mr. Raymond says:

"From about seven o'clock until after nightfall an incessant and most terrible combat was here kept up. The batteries of the two armies were apparently about half a mile apart—and at the outset they were both served with nearly equal and effective vigor. But the Austrians gradually slackened their fire and several times took up new positions, while the Sardinians poured a rapid and uninterrupted shower of balls upon them, suspending only for a few minutes at a time, and then renewing it again with redoubled fury. The wind had now gone down, the air was still, and the sound of musketry, as well as of the cannon, was distinctly heard. The former was continuous, sharp, and incessant, sounding like the constant and irregular pattering of hail upon a roof, while the latter was occasionally suspended, but while it lasted was overwhelmingly grand and terrible. Over the Sardinian park rose a dense white cloud of smoke, directly upward, its sides perfectly upright and well defined, and spreading outward both ways at the top like an enormous sheaf of wheat. The sun was making a glorious setting in the west, and as his light gradually departed, the vivid flashes at each discharge of the cannon gleamed through the smoke like sharp lightning through the breast of an enormous cloud. Sometimes only a single flash would be seen, then two or three at once, and sometimes half a dozen would break forth in instant succession. It was beginning to be dark when I turned to decend the hill, and all the way down I still heard the roar of the cannon.

"I am afraid to venture upon any conjecture as to the number of killed and wounded in this battle; but from the nature of the case it must be enormous. I am confident that not less than ten thousand wounded have been brought into this village alone during the day, to say nothing of those that were left on the field or taken to other places. The first intimation we received of an engagement having taken place, was from meeting three or four carts, drawn by oxen, and filled with wounded, before we reached Montechiaro on the road from Brescia. As we had heard of no battle, we naturally supposed that these wounds had been received in some skirmish. Soon after we met a one-horse carriage, in which was laid at full length an officer of rank, whose face wore so ghastly a look as to make it evident he was dying. On reaching Montechiaro, and stopping for a moment to rest our horses, we were told that a great battle was then going on in the plain before Castiglione. The main street was densely crowded with carts, carriages, horses, donkeys, oxen, soldiers, suttlers, and persons, and animals of every description. We pushed our way, without hinderance, directly past the house marked as the Quartier Générale, or head-quarters of the Emperor, and were thus within the camp. We had gone but a short distance when we came to where the great procession of the wounded was turning down a cross street to a church which had been taken for a hospital. It was certainly the most dreadful sight I ever saw. Every conceivable kind of wound which can be inflicted upon men was here exhibited. All who were able to do so, were obliged to walk—the wagons and animals at command being all required for those who could not otherwise be moved. Some walked along, their faces completely covered with blood from sabre cuts upon their heads. Many had their arms shattered—hundreds had their hands tied up, and some carried most ghastly wounds upon their faces. Some had tied up their wounds, and others had stripped away the clothing which chafed and made them worse. I saw one man walking along with a firm step and a resolute air, naked to his waist, and having a bullet wound upon his side, an ugly gash along his cheek, and a deep bayonet-thrust, received from behind, in his shoulder."

THE NEW AUSTRIAN COMMANDER, MARSHAL SCHLICK.

WE present herewith a portrait of the new commander of the first and second Austrian armies in Italy, Marshal Count Schlick.

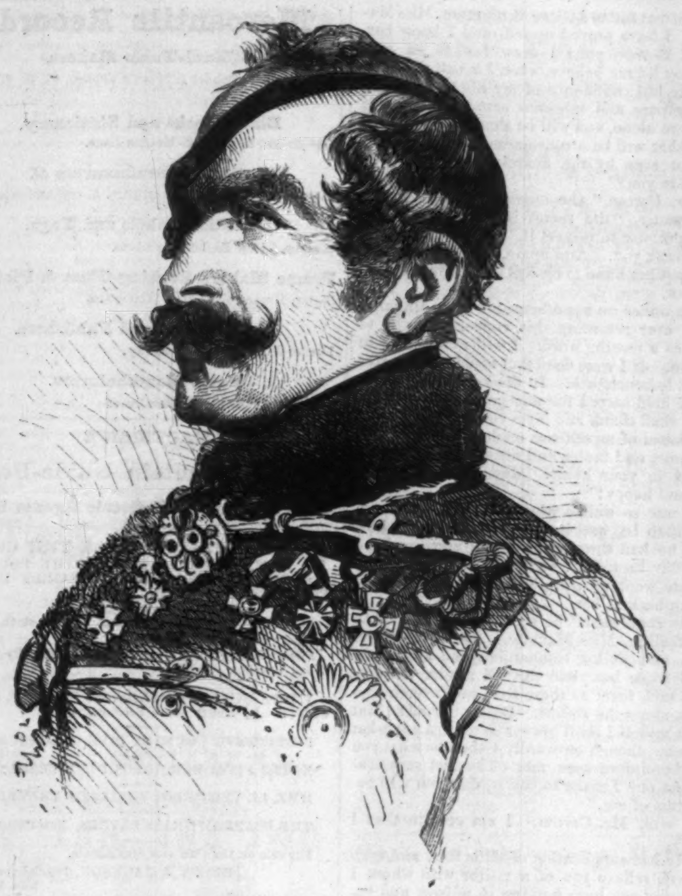
A Bohemian by birth, Marshal Schlick comes of a family distinguished both by rank and by wealth. Several generations since, the house of Schlick was enriched by the discovery of gold mines on their estates in Bohemia; the riches thus acquired, added to their high rank, enabled them to wield great political influence. For several generations the heads of the house have been soldiers. Marshal Schlick's father and grandfather were both field-marshals.

The present Count was born in 1789 at Prague, and is, consequently, in his seventieth year. He joined the army in 1808, and served in all the Austrian wars against the French, until the battle of Waihan, at which he was wounded in the head. The wound cost him one of his eyes, and for the time obliged him to withdraw from the army. He still hides the scar with a black silk handkerchief as shown in our portrait.

During the long peace which succeeded, Count Schlick served as colonel of hussars, until, on receiving the title of field-marshal lieutenant, he was allowed to retire from the army. He then began to figure as a politician, and occupied a conspicuous place among the liberals who were opposed to the régime of Metternich and the Archduchess Sophia. This won him no little disfavor at Court.

His military fame stood so high, however, that when, in 1848, the Austrian empire appeared to be breaking to pieces, he was solicited to take the command of an army against Hungary. He obeyed, and in the battles of Torro, Kasthau, and Szouto, defeated the insurgents with great slaughter. He subsequently, by a very brilliant manœuvre, extricated himself from a trap which had been laid for him by Görgey and Klapka, and succeeded in rejoining the main army of Austria.

This was in 1849. Ever since then Schlick has ceased to figure in Austrian history. It is said that his liberal sentiments were so offensive to the Court that care was taken to place him where he could do no mischief and win no glory. When the present war broke out, he was assigned to the army of Galicia, and, notwithstanding the loudly expressed desire of the army in his favor, the chief



MARSHAL SCHLICK, COMMANDING 1ST AND 2D AUSTRIAN ARMIES IN ITALY.

command in Italy was given to the Hungarian General Gyulai.

It was not till after the disastrous defeat at Magenta that the Emperor of Austria recognized his error, and relieved Gyulai of his command. Then, but not till then, was Schlick sent for. A telegraphic message summoned him to the post vacated by Gyulai. It would appear, however, that he is still not invested with supreme command. At the battle of Solferino, the Emperor Francis-Joseph commanded in person; and now that we hear of the Emperor returning to Vienna, old Marshal Hess seems to possess some sort of general control. The Austrians, it seems, have not yet learned the evils of a divided command.

In person, General Schlick will compare favorably with his predecessor. His figure is tall and imposing; his face is said to be very handsome, notwithstanding the scar and the black silk bandage. As a soldier, the Austrians say that he is the only man they have who is fit to wear the mantle of Radetsky.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

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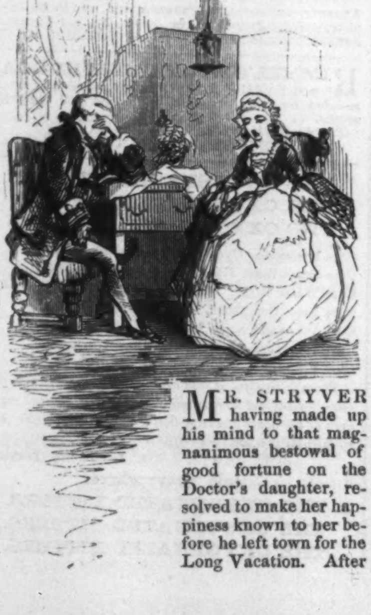
BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FELLOW OF DELICACY.



MR. STRYVER having made up his mind to that magnanimous bestowal of good fortune on the Doctor's daughter, resolved to make her happiness known to her before he left town for the Long Vacation. After some mental debating of the point, he came to the conclusion that it would be as well to get all the preliminaries done with, and they could then arrange at their leisure whether he should give her his hand a week or two before Michaelmas Term, or in the little Christmas vacation between it and Hilary.

As to the strength of his case he had not a doubt about it, but clearly saw his way to the verdict. Argued with the jury on substantial worldly grounds—the only grounds ever worth taking into account—it was a plain case, and had not a weak spot in it. He called himself for the plaintiff, there was no getting over his evidence, the counsel for the defendant threw up his brief, and the jury did not even turn to consider. After trying it, Stryver C. J. was satisfied that no plainer case could be.

Accordingly, Mr. Stryver inaugurated the Long Vacation with a formal proposal to take Miss Manette to Vauxhall Gardens; that failing, to Ranelagh; that unaccountably failing too, it behooved him to present himself in Soho, and there declare his noble mind.

Toward Soho, therefore, Mr. Stryver shouldered his way from the Temple, while the bloom of the Long Vacation's infancy was still upon it. Any body who had seen him projecting himself into Soho while he was yet on Saint Dunstan's side of Temple Bar, bursting in his full-blown way along the pavement, to the jostlement of all weaker people, might have seen how safe and strong he was.

His way taking him past Tellson's, and he both banking at Tellson's and knowing Mr. Lorry as the intimate friend of the Manettes, it entered Mr. Stryver's mind to enter the bank, and reveal to Mr. Lorry the brightness of the Soho horizon. So he pushed open the door with the weak rattle in its throat, stumbled down the two steps, got past the two ancient cashiers, and shouldered himself into the musty back closet where Mr. Lorry sat at great books ruled for figures, with perpendicular iron bars to his window as if that were ruled for figures too, and every thing under the clouds were a sum.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Stryver. "How do you do? I hope you are well!"

It was Stryver's grand peculiarity that he always seemed too big for any place or space. He was so much too big for Tellson's that old clerks in distant corners looked up with looks of remonstrance, as though he squeezed them against the wall. The House itself, magnificently reading the paper quite in the far-off perspective, lowered displeased, as if the Stryver head had been butted into its responsible waistcoat.

The discreet Mr. Lorry said, in a sample tone of the voice he would recommend under the circumstances, "How do you do, Mr. Stryver? How do you do, Sir?" and shook hands. There was a peculiarity in his manner of shaking hands, always to be seen in any clerk at Tellson's who shook hands with a customer when the House pervaded the air. He shook in a self-abnegating way, as one who shook for Tellson & Co.

"Can I do any thing for you, Mr. Stryver?" asked Mr. Lorry, in his business character.

"Why, no thank you; this is a private visit to yourself, Mr. Lorry; I have come for a private word."

"Oh indeed!" said Mr. Lorry, bending down his ear, while his eye strayed to the House afar off.

"I am going," said Mr. Stryver, leaning his arms confidentially on the desk: whereupon, although it was a large double one, there appeared to be not half desk enough for him: "I am going to make an offer of myself in marriage to your agreeable little friend Miss Manette, Mr. Lorry."

"Oh dear me!" cried Mr. Lorry, rubbing his chin, and looking at his visitor dubiously.

"Oh dear me, Sir?" repeated Stryver, drawing back. "Oh dear you, Sir? What may your meaning be, Mr. Lorry?"

"My meaning," answered the man of business, "is, of course, friendly and appreciative, and that it does you the greatest credit, and—in short, my meaning is every thing you could desire. But—really, you know, Mr. Stryver—" Mr. Lorry paused, and shook his head at him in the oddest manner, as if he were compelled against his will to add, internally, "you know there really is so much, too much of you!"

"Well!" said Stryver, slapping the desk with his contentious hand, opening his eyes wider, and taking a long breath, "if I understand you, Mr. Lorry, I'll be hanged!"

Mr. Lorry adjusted his little wig at both ears as a means toward that end, and bit the feather of a pen.

"D—n it all, Sir!" said Stryver, staring at him, "am I not eligible?"

"Oh dear yes! Yes. Oh yes, you're eligible!" said Mr. Lorry. "If you say eligible, you are eligible."

"Am I not prosperous?" asked Stryver.

"Oh! if you come to prosperous, you are prosperous," said Mr. Lorry.

"And advancing?"

"If you come to advancing, you know," said Mr. Lorry, delighted to be able to make another admission, "nobody can doubt that."

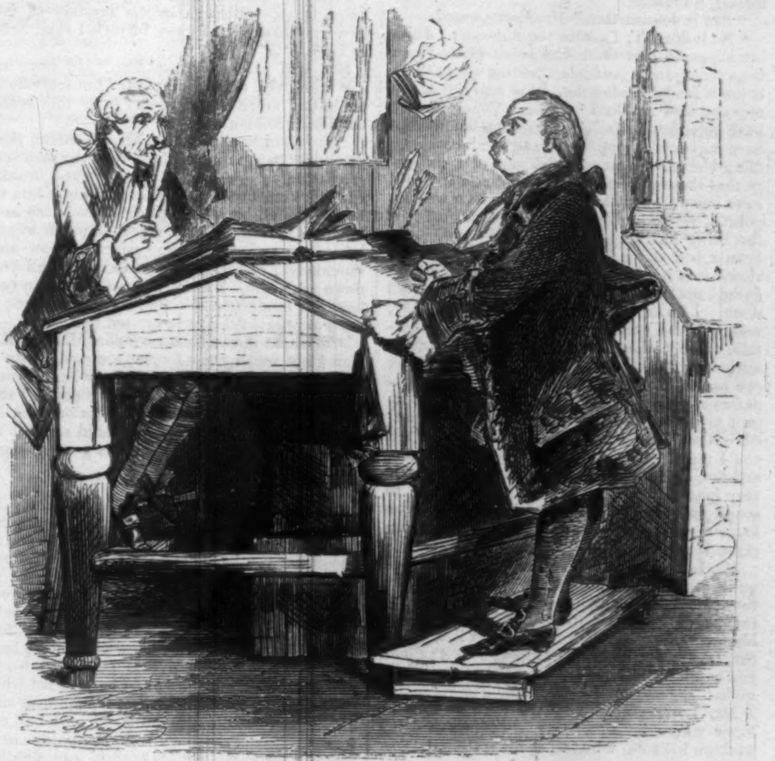
"Then what on earth is your meaning, Mr. Lorry?" demanded Stryver, perceptibly crestfallen.

"Well! I— Were you going there now?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"Straight!" said Stryver, with a plump of his fist on the desk.

"Then I think I wouldn't, if I was you."

"Why?" said Stryver. "Now, I'll put you in a corner," forensically shaking a t[illegible]efinger at him. "You are a man of business and bound to have a reason. State your reason. Why wouldn't you go?"



"D—N IT ALL, SIR! AM I NOT ELIGIBLE?"

"Because," said Mr. Lorry, "I wouldn't go on such an object without having some cause to believe that I should succeed."

"D—n ME!" cried Stryver, "but this beats every thing!"

Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and glanced at the angry Stryver.

"Here's a man of business—a man of years—a man of experience—*in* a Bank," said Stryver; "and having summed up three leading reasons for complete success, he says there's no reason at all! Says it with his head on!" Mr. Stryver remarked upon the peculiarity as if it would have been infinitely less remarkable if he had said it with his head off.

"When I speak of success, I speak of success with the young lady; and when I speak of causes and reasons to make success probable, I speak of causes and reasons that will tell as such with the young lady. The young lady, my good Sir," said Mr. Lorry, mildly tapping the Stryver arm, "the young lady. The young lady goes before all."

"Then you mean to tell me, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver, squaring his elbows, "that it is your deliberate opinion that the young lady at present in question is a mincing Fool?"

"Not exactly so. I mean to tell you, Mr. Stryver," said Mr. Lorry, reddening, "that I will hear no disrespectful word of that young lady from any lips; and that if I knew any man—which I hope I do not—whose taste was so coarse, and whose temper was so overbearing, that he could not restrain himself from speaking disrespectfully of that young lady at this desk, not even Tellson's should prevent my giving him a piece of my mind."

The necessity of being angry in a suppressed tone had put Mr. Stryver's blood-vessels into a dangerous state when it was his turn to be angry; Mr. Lorry's veins, methodical as their courses could usually be, were in no better state now it was his turn.

"That is what I mean to tell you, Sir," said Mr. Lorry. "Pray let there be no mistake about it."

Mr. Stryver sucked the end of a ruler for a little while, and then stood hitting a tune out of his teeth with it, which probably gave him the toothache. He broke the awkward silence by saying,

"This is something new to me, Mr. Lorry. You deliberately advise me not to go up to Soho and offer myself—*my*self, Stryver, of the King's Bench bar?"

"Do you ask me for my advice, Mr. Stryver?"

"Yes, I do."

"Very good. Then I give it, and you have repeated it correctly."

"And all I can say of it is," laughed Stryver, with a vexed laugh, "that this—ha, ha!—beats every thing, past, present, and to come."

"Now understand me," pursued Mr. Lorry. "As a man of business I am not justified in saying any thing about this matter, for, as a man of business, I know nothing of it. But as an old fellow who has carried Miss Manette in his arms, who is the trusted friend of Miss Manette and of her father too, and who has a great affection for them both, I have spoken. The confidence is not of my seeking, recollect. Now you think I may not be right?"

"Not I!" said Stryver, whistling. "I can't undertake to find third parties in common sense; I can only find it for myself. I suppose sense in certain quarters; you suppose mincing bread-and-butter nonsense. It's new to me; but you are right, I dare say."

"What I suppose, Mr. Stryver, I claim to characterize for myself. And understand me, Sir," said Mr. Lorry, quickly flushing again. "I will not—not even at Tellson's—have it characterized for me by any gentleman breathing."

"There! I beg your pardon!" said Stryver.

"Granted. Thank you. Well, Mr. Stryver, I was about to say: it might be painful to you to find yourself mistaken; it might be painful to Doctor Manette to have the task of being explicit with you; it might be very painful to Miss Manette to have the task of being explicit with you. You know the terms upon which I have the honor and happiness to stand with the family. If you please, committing you in no way, representing you in no way, I will undertake to correct my advice by the exercise of a little new observation and judgment expressly brought to bear upon it. If you should then be dissatisfied with it, you can but test its soundness for yourself; if, on the other hand, you should be satisfied with it, and it should be what it now is, it may spare all sides what is best spared. What do you say?"

"How long would you keep me in town?"

"Oh! it is only a question of a few hours. I could go to Soho this evening, and come to your chambers afterward."

"Then I say yes," said Stryver: "I won't go up there now; I am not so hot upon it as that comes to. I say yes; and I shall expect you to look in to-night. Good-morning."

Then Mr. Stryver turned and burst out of the Bank, causing such a concussion of air on his passage through, that to stand up against it bowing behind the two counters, required the utmost remaining strength of the two ancient clerks. Those venerable and feeble persons were always seen by the public in the act of bowing, and were popularly believed, when they had bowed a customer out, still to keep on bowing in the empty office until they bowed another customer in.

The barrister was keen enough to divine that the banker would not have gone so far in his expression of opinion on any less solid ground than moral certainty. Unprepared as he was for the large pill he had to swallow, he got it down. "And now," said Mr. Stryver, shaking his forensic forefinger at the Temple in general, when it was down, "my way out of this is, to put you all in the wrong."

It was a bit of the art of an Old Bailey tactician, in which he found great relief. "You shall not put me in the wrong, young lady," said Mr. Stryver; "I'll do that for you."

Accordingly, when Mr. Lorry called that night as late as ten o'clock, Mr. Stryver, among a quantity of books and papers littered out for the purpose, seemed to have nothing less on his mind than the subject of the morning. He even showed surprise when he saw Mr. Lorry, and was altogether in an absent and preoccupied state.

"Well!" said that good-natured emissary, after a full half-hour of bootless attempts to bring him round to the question, "I have been to Soho."

"To Soho?" repeated Mr. Stryver, coldly. "Oh, to be sure! What am I thinking of!"

"And I have no doubt," said Mr. Lorry, "that I was right in the conversation we had. My opinion is confirmed, and I reiterate my advice."

"I assure you," returned Mr. Stryver, in the friendliest way, "that I am sorry for it on your account, and sorry for it on the poor father's account. I know this must always be a sore subject with the family; let us say no more about it."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Lorry.

"I dare say not," rejoined Stryver, nodding his head in a smoothing and final way; "no matter, no matter."

"But it does matter," Mr. Lorry urged.

"No it doesn't; I assure you it doesn't. Having supposed that there was sense where there is no sense, and a laudable ambition where there is not a laudable ambition, I am well out of my mistake, and no harm is done. Young women have committed similar follies often before, and have repented them in poverty and obscurity often before. In an unselfish aspect, I am sorry that the thing has dropped, because it would have been a good thing for others in a worldly point of view; in a selfish aspect, I am glad that the thing has dropped, because it would have been a bad thing for me in a worldly point of view—it is hardly necessary to say I could have gained nothing by it. There is no harm at all done. I have not proposed to the young lady, and, between ourselves, I am by no means certain, on reflection, that I ever should have committed myself to that extent. Mr. Lorry, you can not control the mincing vanities and giddinesses of empty-headed girls; you must not expect to do it, or you will always be disappointed. Now, pray say no more about it. I tell you I regret it on account of others, but I am satisfied on my own account. And I am really very much obliged to you for allowing me to sound you, and for giving me your advice; you know the young lady better than I do; you were right, it never would have done."

Mr. Lorry was so taken aback that he looked quite stupidly at Mr. Stryver shouldering him toward the door, with an appearance of showering generosity, forbearance, and good-will on his erring head. "Make the best of it, my dear Sir," said Stryver; "say no more about it; thank you again for allowing me to sound you; good-night!"

Mr. Lorry was out in the night before he knew where he was. Mr. Stryver was lying back on his sofa, winking at his ceiling.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FELLOW OF NO DELICACY.

IF Sydney Carton ever shone any where he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often, during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and morose lounger there. When he cared to talk he talked well; but the cloud of caring for nothing, which overshadowed him with such a fatal darkness, was very rarely pierced by the light within him.

And yet he did care something for the streets that environed that house, and for the senseless stones that made their pavements. Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered there, when wine had brought no transitory gladness to him; many a dreary daybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there, and still lingering there when the first beams of the sun, brought into strong relief, removed beauties of architecture in spires of churches and lofty buildings, as perhaps the quiet time brought some sense of better things, else forgotten and unattainable, into his mind. Of late, the neglected bed in the Temple court had known him more scantily than ever; and often, when he had thrown himself upon it no longer than a few minutes, he had got up again, and haunted that neighborhood.

On a day in August, when Mr. Stryver (after notifying to his jackal that "he had thought better of that marrying matter") had carried his delicacy into Devonshire, and when the sight and scent of flowers in the City streets had some waifs of goodness in them for the worst, of health for the sickliest, and of youth for the oldest, Sydney's feet still trod those stones. From being irresolute and purposeless, his feet became animated by an intention; and in the working out of that intention they took him to the Doctor's door.

He was shown up stairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But looking up at his face in the interchange of the first few commonplaces, she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton!"

"No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of, or by, such profligates?"

"Is it not—forgive me; I have begun the question on my lips—a pity to live no better life?"

"God knows it is a shame!"

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice too, as he answered:

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower and be worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand. The table trembled in the silence that followed.

She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so without looking at her, and said:

"Pray forgive me, Miss Manette. I break down before the knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me?"

"If it will do you any good, Mr. Carton, if it would make you happier, it would make me very glad!"

"God bless you for your sweet compassion!"

He unshaded his face after a little while, and spoke steadily.

"Don't be afraid to hear me. Don't shrink from any thing I say. I am like one who died young. All my life might have been."

"No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that the best part of it might still be; I am sure that you might be much, much worthier of yourself."

"Say of you, Miss Manette; and although I know better—although in the mystery of my own wretched heart I know better—I shall never forget it!"

She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself which made the interview unlike any other that could have been holden.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you—self-flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me; I ask for none; I am even thankful that it can not be."

"Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recall you—forgive me again!—to a better course? Can I in no way repay your confidence? I know this is a confidence," she modestly said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears. "I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

He shook his head.

"To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a very little more, all you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation I have not been so degraded but that the sight of you with your father, and of this home made such a home by you, has stirred old shadows that I thought had died out of me. Since I knew you I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward, that I thought were silent for ever. I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality, and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing, and leaves the sleeper where he lay down! but I wish you to know that you inspired it."

"Will nothing of it remain? Oh, Mr. Carton, think again! try again!"

"No, Miss Manette; all through it I have known myself to be quite undeserving. And yet I have had the weakness, and have still the weakness, to wish you to know with what a sudden mastery you kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into fire—a fire, however, inseparable in its nature from myself, quickening nothing, lighting nothing, doing no service, idly burning away."

"Since it is my misfortune, Mr. Carton, to have made you more unhappy than you were before you knew me—"

"Don't say that, Miss Manette, for you would have reclaimed me, if any thing could. You will not be the cause of my becoming worse."

"Since the state of your mind that you describe, is, at all events, attributable to some influence of mine—this is what I mean, if I can make it plain—can I use no influence to serve you? Have I no power for good with you at all?"

"The utmost good that I am capable of now, Miss Manette, I have come here to realize. Let me carry through the rest of my misdirected life the remembrance that I opened my heart to you, last of all the world, and that there was something left in me at this time which you could deplore and pity."

"Which I entreated you to believe, again and again, most fervently, with all my heart, was capable of better things, Mr. Carton!"

"Entreat me to believe it no more, Miss Manette. I have proved myself, and I know better. I distress you; I draw fast to an end. Will you let me believe, when I recall this day, that the last confidence of my life was reposed in your pure and innocent breast, and that it lies there alone, and will be shared by no one?"

"If that will be a consolation to you, yes."

"Not even by the dearest one ever to be known to you?"

"Mr. Carton," she answered, after an agitated pause, "the secret is yours, not mine; and I promise to respect it."

"Thank you. And again, God bless you!"

He put her hand to his lips and moved toward the door.

"Be under no apprehension, Miss Manette, of my ever resuming this conversation by so much as a passing word. I will never refer to it again. If I were dead that could not be surer than it is henceforth. In the hour of my death I shall hold sacred the one good remembrance—and shall thank and bless you for it—that my last avowal of myself was made to you, and that my name, and faults, and miseries, were gently carried in your heart. May it otherwise be light and happy!"

He was so unlike what he had ever shown himself to be, and it was so sad to think how much he had thrown away, and how much he every day kept down and perverted, that Lucie Manette wept mournfully for him as he stood looking back at her.

"Be comforted!" he said, "I am not worth such feeling, Miss Manette. An hour or two hence, and the low companions and low habits that I scorn but yield to, will render me less worth such tears as those than any wretch who creeps along the streets. Be comforted! But within myself I shall always be toward you what I am now, though outwardly I shall be what you have heretofore seen me. The last supplication but one I make to you is, that you will believe this of me."

"I will, Mr. Carton. I am certain that I may."

"My last supplication of all is this, and with it I will relieve you of a visitor with whom I well know you have nothing in unison, and between whom and you there is an impassable space. It is useless to say it, I know, but it rises out of my soul. For you, and for any dear to you, I would do any thing. If my career were of that better kind that there was any opportunity or capacity of sacrifice in it, I would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. Try to hold me in your mind, at some quiet times, as ardent and sincere in this one thing. The time will come, the time will not be long in coming, when new ties will be formed about you—ties that will bind you yet more tenderly and strongly to the home you so adorn—the dearest ties that will ever grace and gladden you. Oh, Miss Manette, when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours, when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew at your feet, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you!"

He said, "Farewell!" said "A last God bless you!" and left her.

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